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YOUTH AND NATURE.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Is this the sky, and this the very earth
I had such pleasure in when I was young?
And can this be the identical sea-song,
Heard once within the storm-clouds' awful girth,
When a great song from silence burst to birth,
And winds to whom it seemed I did belong
Made the keen blood in me run swift and strong
With irresistible, tempestuous mirth?

Are these the forests loved of old so well,
Where on May nights enchanted music was?
Are these the fields of soft, delicious grass,
These old hills with secret things to tell?
O, my dead youth, was this inevitable,
That with thy passing, nature, too, should pass?

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENRIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

LADY ANNE'S breath came quickly, her eyes grew full of pain.

"I am sure my aunt has some secret power or influence with those people. Is it of any use to appeal to her?"

"None," said Lord Enderby; "she feigns ignorance. Moreover, like the rest of them, she is under the bondage of terror. Where is she now?"

"She is so restless. She is gone to Brighton—and alone—I mean without a maid; she has discharged Wilson."

Lord Enderby mused a moment over this intelligence, but made no remark on it.

"Anne," he said, "I have taken many useless journeys in search of my boy, this last one to Ireland, misled by the police, being the most useless of all. My next journey I shall take on my own account, and it shall not be fruitless."

"You do not mean that you will go to Russia?" she gasped forth, almost with a cry.

"Very likely I shall not need to travel so far," he answered, with a strange smile on his lips.

"Russia is not all in Russia. And when I am successful—for I mean to succeed—I will send you a message. And, Anne"—he paused for just a second—"you must promise me that until I return you will be a mother to little Alan and a sister to Grace. You understand me—until I return?"

"You mean you think you will never return!" she cried, looking at him with eyes full of terror, shadowed by tears.

"I mean and think what I have always thought—that my unhappy wife's cousin has a nature that responds bravely to any call of duty, a heart true as gold, and kind and gentle as a saint's. Give me your promise Anne."

"I give it—with all my heart I give it!" she sobbed. "But you will not go?"

He eluded her question by taking her in his arms and pressing his lips to her forehead.

He did not speak; but Anne knew this was his farewell.

She trembled very much; but she held in her anguish and her love, and drew back from his side in silence as his arms released their fraternal clasp.

His voice had lost its calm when he spoke again.

"Every day, Anne, till I went to Ireland you brought me the history of your fruitless pilgrimage beyond the river. Have you any news to-day?"

Anne shook her head silently.

"You will persevere," he said; "and, when you find her, Anne, tell her that I am ashamed I was ever sorry for my love—ever wavered in my resolves.

"Tell her, if that sweet simple time of our lives could come to me again, I would not lose a moment of it in foolish worldly doubt.

"Oh, I could rave now in thinking of it! Tell her that in truth, from the moment her sweet face touched my eyes, I gathered her into my heart, and while that heart beats I am hers and she is mine. Give her this from me, Anne, on her lips."

He lifted Anne's trembling hand to his own lips that quivered; then he placed her gently in a chair, and, as she bent her head on the chair's arm, hiding her face, he stole away quietly.

Anne heard his retreating steps, and, flinging herself upon her knees, she wept long and bitterly.

* * * * * *

That evening, as Lady Brentwyche alighted from the Brighton train, she found Delgado awaiting her.

His handsome face wore an unusual expression, and his eyes were as full of glitter as a false diamond.

"Is there anything new?" asked Lady Brentwyche anxiously, in a low voice.

"Yes. I have found your rare bird, and she has spoiled our plans. By Jove, though, she is lovely as a lily and brave as a lion!"

Lady Brentwyche glanced at him, and laughed her wicked little laugh.

"Be careful," she said, "or you will make me jealous. I admit of no rival."

In spite of her laughter, it was evident she spoke in fear—evident her very love for this man was rooted in terror.

It was safer to keep him as a lover than to dread him as an enemy.

Perhaps his feelings towards her partook of the same character; and, if they ever had been sincere, they were changed now.

Yet he had no wish to let her see this; he had need of her still; and he feared her power, and respected her talents and her money.

For the sake of this last he had urged her often to marry him; but this she dared not do; it would have ruined her with those in whose hands her life rested.

"She is too poor to be a rival," said Delgado brutally. "Let us turn to business."

"Not here in this crowd. You must come home to me. My carriage waits."

The drive was a silent one.

Delgado was full of some subdued elation; Lady Brentwyche was preoccupied and troubled.

In her boudoir, she flung herself into a chair wearily, throwing her cloak and bonnet from her with a gesture expressing both of fatigue and anger.

"What has happened at Brighton?" asked Delgado, lifting his handsome eyebrows.

"What has happened in London?" she retorted.

"I wait to hear where you have found Grace di Valdivia."

Delgado regarded her furtively beneath his long eyelashes, and judged it best to reply quickly.

"She was at that old lair of ours years ago—Mrs. Kirkman's—and, strange to say, that was the very place to which I sent——"

"Stop!" said Lady Brentwyche. "Please continue to respect my ignorance of some of your doings."

"You are very careful of yourself," sneered Delgado.

"I have need to be.

"I cannot afford to lose my character in the world.

"Remember, I should be a gainer of twenty thousand a year if a certain event occured; therefore I can have nothing to do with any circumstances which may help to bring that event about.

"Private ends must not appear to be served by any of the political decrees of the committee.

"I have explained my position to the Head, and he respects my wish to hold aloof from this matter."

"I don't feel with you," remarked Delgado. I am lamer than ever. I have more need of revenge than ever, and it draws very near me now."

"What do you mean?"

There was a shade of anxiety in her voice as she uttered this question rapidly which pleased Delgado.

He liked to feel his power.

He answered her in a very triumphant tone—

"I mean that I have two persons in my power now who are both very dear to the man who lamed me as carelessly as he would strike a dog."

"In your power?" echoed Lady Brentwyche.

"You are enigmatical this evening, and you keep me too long waiting for your explanations. I wish to know where Grace Lanyon is."

When Lady Brentwyche spoke in this way Delgado always quailed; he changed his manner instantly.

"I thought I told you she was at Mrs. Kirkman's. She is a prisoner there at present.

"I explained to that old hag that she was a young lady of family who had run away; therefore she must be kept safely till her friends could be communicated with. The old woman entered into the situation at once, and carries the keys of front door and back door in her pocket.

"But of course that sort of thing can't last beyond a day or two; so we must arrange some other plan."

"I keep to my original one. She is too young to stand in the world alone. Gregory Blake is her only relative in England; he must be her guardian. Now that I know where she is, the matter can be easily arranged."

She said this in ignorance of Delgado's swift passion, now that he had seen Grace again, was vivified and intensified into a flame that burnt more fiercely than Northern imaginations can conceive.

"It may not prove so easy as you suppose," he answered, biting his lip. "She is a girl of high courage."

"How do you know that?"—and Lady Brentwyche shrugged her shoulders a little contemptuously.

"I have proved it. I entered Mrs. Kirkman's about one in the morning, and met her at the foot of the stairs, just on the point of escaping with a child in her arms."

Lady Brentwyche fixed her eyes on him, and her face gradually grew quite colorless.

"You have been very long in coming to this," she said angrily.

"The moment I met you I remarked that I had found your bird and that she had spoiled our plans, but you did not seem inclined to listen."

"Go now," returned the lady impatiently. "What did you do when you saw her?"

"I took the child from her arms with the most polite firmness and handed him to his doting mother, Charlotte Wilson, who performed her part with considerable skill. But before Miss Lanyon, it was a useless part; and the woman Kirkman now is frightened, and insists on the child's removal."

"How is it your people bungled so?" asked Lady Brentwyche, in a vexed tone. "They stumbled on the bird that we were searching for and did not know it. Matters now are greatly complicated through this. And Wilson's presence, if known, will implicate me."

Delgado shrugged his shoulders.

"It is one of the risks that could not be avoided," he said.

"The child was ill and terrified; he had need of some one to nurse him with whom he was familiar.

"As for the bungling, that was a stupid affair; they saw the queer girl Miss Lanyon has with her, and jumped to a wrong conclusion."

"And what are you going to do now with the child?" she asked.

"I thought you did not wish to know?" he returned.

"My position is altered by Grace Lanyon's knowledge of events. Wilson's presence has betrayed me to her. I must act differently now."

"But, while Miss Lanyon is safe under lock and key, her knowledge is of no consequence."

"That is a state of things that cannot last; it would spoil my plans for her."

"Your plans must wait. She has spoiled ours with regard to Wilson, and she very nearly ruined us all. In another moment she would have escaped safely with the boy."

"She would not have ruined us," said Lady Brentwyche.

"She does not forget that her father is a Nihilist, and her lover's safety depends on her prudence."

"How could she have restored the child without betraying me?" asked Delgado, in a voice of anger.

He had felt a sudden rage on hearing Lord Enderby spoken of as the lover of Grace.

"She would have found out a way. You threatened her, I presume, and terrified her horribly," returned Lady Brentwyche, with answering irritation. "Indeed your sudden appearance was sufficient to terrify her."

"You are mistaken," said Delgado, with a kind of triumph.

"She was calm and dignified as a princess and simply indignant as a queen might be if disobeyed.

"It was I who was astonished and terrified at her sudden apparition, not she at mine.

"To see her there so calm, just at the point of escaping, was enough to make my heart quail.

"To think that a girl, a mere weak girl, should have nearly ruined a scheme planned with fifty strong men! *Dio*, it was admirable! I could have applauded her as one does a heroine!"

"You are enthusiastic to-night. Her opinion of you must differ somewhat from yours of her," remarked Lady Brentwyche with sarcasm.

"Possibly; but, if I prove myself her friend, I may change it."

For an instant there was silence, and then Lady Brentwyche burst into her ringing giddy laugh; but her eyes had no smile in them; they had a glitter bright as steel.

"You have surprised me into laughing at you," she said.

"You are losing your head, Delgado, and forgetting yourself.

"You have to obey orders, as we all have. I shall send a message at once to the Committee.

"I should be sorry to have to report that I found their secretary considering 'friendship' and private feelings instead of his duty."

She rose and laid her hand upon the bell.

Delgado, very pale glanced at her with an expression that changed his beauty into ugliness.

"Stop!" he cried.

She turned and faced him.

"Why should I stop? If you make yourself dangerous to the society, it is my duty to report the fact."

"You have only your own jealousy to report," he answered.

"To impugn my loyalty would be a folly. There is not a man among them who does not know that I love my life too well to risk it by disobedience. And, as for private feel-

It was her turn to grow pale.

She looked at him with a shudder, a curious shrinking in all her form, which for a moment, dwindled her height and figure as she threw herself into a chair cowering before his dreadful speech.

"We are very foolish to quarrel," observed Delgado quietly.

"We are both bound to a great cause, which will some day triumph, and we can not help it if the trammels—the necessary trammels by which we are bound—sometimes hurt us.

"Obedience, in a society like ours, is an iron necessity—without it, not one of us would be safe.

"Kings and armies and systems are against us; and, in the great earthquake, the upheaving of our secret power, they will crumble in the dust."

He had risen; his handsome graceful figure towered above hers, his face looked wonderfully beautiful as it glowed with the transient enthusiasm which touched him so rarely.

Still he was earnest in his cruel beliefs, he was faithful to his bonds, unlike the traitress, the secret spy, who regarded him with dilated eyes and a feigned smile and a heart quivering with fear.

She held out her hand to him, her light laugh on her lips.

"You are right; I have been jealous. You should know better than to praise a beautiful young girl to me. As for the message, I was jesting.

"I only intended to say that my reputation in the world is of some value to the cause, therefore it must be considered, and the child and Wilson must be removed to other quarters at once."

"I agree with you there," returned Delgado, bending over her with a flattering grace, still holding her hand. "I will take care that is done to-morrow."

"Then to-morrow I shall send Anne to Grace Lanyon," resumed Lady Brentwyche; "and you must not interfere with my plans. If you do, she will be Enderby's wife in a week."

This startled Delgado; no words strong as fire could have influenced him as these did.

The calm dignity and courage that Grace had shown at that supreme moment of terror, when his cruel presence barred the way of escape, had impressed him with a fresh fervor of admiration.

And even her righteous anger, though directed against himself, only increased it. As she turned from him, beautiful in her indignation, and bent caressingly over the trembling child, soothing him by her own calmness, reassuring him by her tenderness, Delgado felt a thrill in his hardened heart which all the excitement of his life of conspiracies and plots had never brought within it.

"I yield to your better judgment," he said moodily, as he relinquished the white hand he held. "You are right to save the girl from such a fate as being wife to Lord Enderby. She would buddle like—like the other.

The door opened and he struck back from his close proximity to Lady Brentwyche's chair.

It was Lady Anne who entered.

She looked pale and ill.

She held a letter in her hand.

"I am sorry to disturb you, aunt, but there is a man below who has brought this, and who waits for an answer."

Lady Brentwyche glanced at the writing; so did Delgado; and their eyes met a certain quiver of fear in each. She tore open the envelope. It contained a card of invitation to a reception that night at Madame Delgado's.

"Rather sudden!" said Lady Brentwyche with her little laugh. "Something new, I suppose."

"Some great singer to hear or infant prodigy to be displayed," returned Delgado, with meaning in his voice.

Lady Anne looked at them both, as though she felt a strange distance between her and them, a gulf which divided her soul from theirs.

Her face was so sad and pale that Lady Brentwyche took alarm; the one sole yearning towards truth and tenderness which sprang out of her heart towards Anne, and Anne only, shook in her voice as she spoke.

"My dear, you look weary. I am very sorry I have to go out to-night; but this invitation must be accepted, though it comes so late."

"You don't want me to go with you, aunt?"

Delgado smiled to himself at the question. Lady Brentwyche answered "No" gravely.

"Then I'll say good night," said Lady Anne.

She came over to her aunt's side, and the two kissed each other.

Anne's embrace was quiet, almost cold, but Lady Brentwyche held her in a fevered clasp, and her kiss was fervent.

As Anne went away, her eyes followed her, and they were moist with tears.

The moment the door was closed she turned to Delgado.

"This is an unexpected meeting. Why do they hold me to-night?"

He was examining the envelope, from which he abstracted a thin piece of blank paper.

"This will tell you perhaps."

She caught it from his hand and held it by the fire.

In a few moments two or three lines of figures appeared on it, as if painted in sepia.

"It is the cipher of which you only have the key," said Delgado.

Lady Brentwyche read out the words in a hurried voice.

"The father of the child in our charge proposes an exchange — himself for his son.

"A meeting to-night is to consider this offer."

The paper fluttered from her hand to the floor, the figures faded out of it; in a moment it was blank again.

"It would kill Anne!" said Lady Brentwyche, in a dreadful whisper; and, with blanched face, she looked up at Delgado, who broke into a cruel laugh.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN Lady Brentwyche hurried to Brighton, she was but striving to escape for a day from the shadow of terror beneath which she lived.

Her flight was a vain one.

Among the crowd on the pier she caught sight of a face she knew; it was the pale sharp face of the gentlemanly Russian who sometimes exchanged a few words with her at brilliant balls or a crowded reception.

Her heart gave a leap of fear as his eyes met hers; yet she bowed with a gracious smile, and the change of her countenance was so slight that she trusted it was not observed.

She schooled and calmed herself for the inevitable interview with this man which she knew must follow, and she continued to pace the pier, waiting for the sound of the cool incisive voice.

Still it startled her when it came, for she had not heard his stealthy approach.

"The sea is charming," said the Russian, speaking French as usual.

"It was a curious coincidence that we should both have the delightful idea of escaping our cares for an hour in the sea-breeze.

"You knew I was here?" he added, lowering his voice.

"I thought I might see you," returned she, adroitly.

"Ah, you have news for me!

"The little Lord Fitzurse is at home again?"—and the Russian gave her his best smile.

"I am sorry to say you are mistaken," she said.

"How is this?" he asked sharply.

"I think I told you that we relied upon you to accomplish this matter with your usual charming tact."

"Count, you did not reckon upon all the motives that move my friends.

"There is a sort of honor in them—a delicacy with which you have not credited them.

"I should benefit greatly by this child's death; they therefore think it fair to me to keep their plans regarding him a secret from me.

"They wish my character to stand clear in the sight of all this community.

"Hence I positively do not know where the boy is."

She added this sentence abruptly, for the man's keen eyes were on her, and she saw distrust in their light rays; so she hastened to speak the truth.

"You surprise me!" he returned.

"And I think your character in our community is worth to you quite as much as in theirs.

"No doubt you will make an effort to retain our high opinion of your talents.

"You are still on amicable terms with your charmingly beautiful friend?

"What is his present name—Delgado?

"Yes.

"Then you have only to ask him, and your ignorance will be dispelled.

"One thing more; we shall expect early information.

"Messages that arrive too late are useless."

He lifted his hat and moved away a step, then returned.

"I hope you understand that, if any harm befall the child, it would greatly damage your character with us.

"We are quite as tender of your reputation as your friends, quite as anxious you should stand clear of all suspicion of interested motives.

"The fact that you benefit in case of a certain event is one that enemies are sure to take advantage of to your injury; but, when Lady Brentwyche's character is in her own hands, I may certainly conclude it is safe, and that there will be no necessity for me to report dissatisfaction on my part."

Once more he lifted his hat, and, with a gracious bow and smile, meant for the eyes of spectators, he departed.

Lady Brentwyche for a moment was giddy; the strong pier rocked beneath her feet, the shore quivered, as if it were a mere painted paper shore shaken by a firm hand.

"But it is better his confidence should be shaken than theirs," she thought, as she recovered herself.

"One means loss of money, the other would be loss of life.

"What am I to do?

"I could not tell him I gave up the child to spare the father—no, to spare Anne.

"And for her sake I must continue to take the risk.

"I will not know where the boy is.

"If he dies, I must escape as I can.

"America perhaps would be safe."

She grew pale and cold, shivering from head to foot as a dire whisper in her spirit told her no region on the earth, remote as it might be, could ever give her a safe dwelling-place.

"I used to think I should be glad if the boy died," she said to herself, passionately.

"But of what avail would it be to me to possess twenty thousand a year for a month, and then die for it?"

With gloomy thoughts and questions like this, and the fears crowding in upon her, Lady Brentwyche returned swiftly to London.

No wonder she met Delgado in an irritable mood, and was uncertain in her phrase, undecided in her own mind how to act!

Of one thing only she felt sure—that she loved her life; and whatsoever would keep it safest that she would do.

As a Nihilist, she was a traitress—as a spy, unfaithful.

Disloyal in both capacities, what could she do but tremble, and walk in the terror that steals through the moonlight and the horror that lurks in the day?

* * * * * *

Old Prue sat in solemn loneliness in the housekeeper's room.

She was a more stately personage in London than in Cornwall.

There she was at home and revelled in work of all kinds, which she enjoyed doing, from chopping wood up to artistic cookery.

She liked it all; it put her in mind of her girlhood, when she worked hard all day, and sang, and rejoiced in her young strength.

In London things were different; other ways were a necessity; she had to be dignified and wear a silk gown and give orders. If she enjoyed herself now and then at some hard work, it was surreptitiously, when the maids had a holiday, and she could clean and polish and rub to her heart's content, and nobody be the wiser.

This evening, as she sat in dignified state alone, her heart was heavy within her, and tears were on her furrowed cheeks.

Her lips kept moving in whispers, saying ever the same words to herself.

"Poor child, poor child!

"A little tender frightened creature, easy to kill; hard words would do it—no need of blows!

"Poor child!"

Then, startled at her vain repetition, she would stop and look round the room a little wildly, and in a moment her lips would move again and the whisper recommence. In her bewildered mind, her master, whom she had nursed as a child, was strangely intermingled with the missing boy.

Lord Enderby was gone she knew not whither, but there was a secret dread in his journey which she felt; and so to her he was the missing one, it was his form that some vague terror pursued, some shadow of death was following.

Prue's knitting lay in her lap; her fingers twitched nervously at the words; but there was no click of busy needles, there were no stitches done.

She did not hear the door open, but roused herself into sudden dignity on the appearance of a footman.

"I didn't ring," observed Prue.

"No, ma'am; but there's a girl here who insists on seeing you."

"At this time of night!" exclaimed Prue.

"Why, it's past eleven!"

"She's an honest girl seemingly, but very queer," said the man, in answer.

"She comes from Cornwall, she says.

This covert sarcasm brought Prue to her feet.

"There's queerer people out of Cornwall than in it, but I won't say the same of honest folk," she remarked wrathfully.

"Show the young woman in, if you please."

"I thought that would fetch the old lady," said the man to himself.

"I shouldn't wonder if she isn't a cousin—they are all cousins down at the Land's End—and she's queer enough to be her sister."

In another moment he ushered an ungainly figure into Prue's presence, and closed the door.

"Mazed Molly!" exclaimed Prue.

"How did you come to London?"

"I comed in the train," said Molly.

"But who with?" asked Prue impatiently.

"I comed with gentry, not with the bullocks and sheep.

"I seed they in another train, packed close as a row pins in paper, no room to budge a inch, leave alone lying down to rest a groom, poor baists. Et I was the Queen ——"

"Molly, you are an idiot!"

"Lor', I knowed that long ago," returned Mollie complacently.

"'Tis annly idiots that think about baists; but I think of childer, too. Bless 'ee, I ain't such a pattie as I looks.

"I've runned away, and broft the front-door key along wi' me."

"What door? What key?" cried Prue, shaking the girl in her bewilderment. "Is there no more sense in your head than in a pumpkin?"

"Why, they locked me in, and now I've looked they in!

"And they can't car' away the child to-night, 'cept they break down the door, or hales 'un out o' winder with ropes. And they warn't do that, I reckon.

"I'm a real Londoner now, with a door-key in my pocket; the all looks theirselves out, and goes about with door-keys to let theirselves in with."

Prue half rose herself into a chair and listened eagerly, catching, with understanding, at Molly's meaning.

"You know where the child is!" she cried.

Molly nodded.

"And you've been a prisoner?"

"Me and Miss Grace and the fiddle. And they broft the child there, not knowing, you see, as we knowed who he was.

"When they found that out, they said we was grand folks runned away, and we must be kept safe, so they locked the doors.

"And I stoled the keys, and I've comed away to you. Oh, here's a letter that'll tell it all better than my talk."

It was a letter from Grace, which Molly, as quite an after-thought, pulled from her capacious pocket.

It explained under what subterfuge she was held as a prisoner, and how Molly, in her half-witted cunning, had succeeded in gaining possession of the keys; and, taking advantage of this, Grace had sent her to Prue for safety sake, lest the theft should be discovered in her absence.

"Absence!" said Prue, looking up with a wild stare at Molly.

"Yes, sure. Grace be gone somewhere; but she's coming back, and so be I. And then we shall both bide in the house till our grand relations come to fetch us.

"Now, if this maid Charlotte can play-act in the proper way to be mauther to the child, I reckon you can be our aunty Prue, and you can come 'round for us in a grand carriage, can't you?"

"No, but Lady Anne shall," said Prue, suddenly.

"I'll have a carriage fetched, and go for her directly.

"This is a free country, so folks say," remarked Prue, staring round upon the four walls; "and yet there's things like this going on in it.

"And why didn't 'ee bring away the child with 'ee, you gawk? That would be better than a front-door key."

"No, it wouldn't," said Molly sturdily.

"The child is locked in; we couldn't get nigh 'un no ways.

"And Grace is gone to save 'un—and she'll do it too.

"Why don't 'ee finish the letter?

"'Tis you is the gawk, not me."

Thus admonished, Prue turned to Grace's note again, and on the last sheet read this—

"I am going on a dangerous errand; and, if you call in aid, if you stir in my behalf or the child's, you will increase that danger a thousandfold. Trust me that I am speaking truth. If I return safely, I will come to you about one o'clock. Wait patiently for me, telling no one that you expect me. I entreat you, dear Prue, not to speak to Lord Enderby—let my coming and going be a secret. I shall return to this place with Molly. I have a reason for doing this which I cannot explain now."

"Well, I can't tell my lord, because he isn't here, and this is all Greek to me," said Prue, laying down the letter and staring hard into Mollie's face, as if for inspiration.

"I see only this, that, if she's in danger herself, she has put you in safety."

"And I comes in a carriage like a lady—a cab they calls it!" giggled Molly.

"And she wouldn't start till she seed me go fust.

"She was afeared this' handsome man with the furrin' twist in his tongue would be the death of me if he coined back suddint and found her gone.

"Lor', if he had cotched us when we was creeping down-stairs like two shaddors, I reckon the house would have been a wus por than Troy town when 'twas took!"

"Don't talk," said Prue, in desperate remonstrance.

"My head is whizzy with all this Greek.

"Troy town eddn't nothing to it!

"Sit down in that big chair and go to sleep.

"Now I shall send the servants to bed and sit up by myself.

"That's best, I reckon."

When Prue had gone on her errand and returned, she found Molly sleeping, like a big baby, placidly.

Then Prue piled coal on her fire and lighted fresh candles—she scorned gas—and, taking up her wool and her needles, she knitted on resolutely in that anxious quietude which holds within it a fever of expectant pain.

After twelve o'clock the great square grew quiet; the rumble of wheels rolled in upon the ear only from distant streets, a confused noise, a rush of uncertain sounds, dying softly, to commence again like the break of waves on a rocky shore, which roll back and return unceasingly.

Prue listened to this softened roar of the great city beginning to slumber, and her thoughts went down to the sea.

Her heart ached with longing for the joy of its mighty calm, the rapture of its mighty sound—a sound in which there is no weariness, no fevered craving for rest, no toil, no fatigue.

Her eyes grew dark, shadowed by thoughts that have no words, dim memories silent stirrings in her soul of ancient instincts of an ancient race, whose very tongue now is dead, and who live in their far-away corner of England, with their wild shore and their wild sea around them, girding in their old customs and traditions with a strange fantastic wall stronger than man could build, though his hand were iron and steel.

The clock struck one; and Prue now could knit no more.

She threw her work upon the table, and sat, with head resting on her hands, listening intently for the nearing of wheels. Some came, and passed, giving her a start of terror; others rolled away in the distance, a mere murmur, bringing her no hope.

At the half-hour she raised her head and looked at the clock in dull patience.

Somehow she was unconscious of surprise, or curiosity, or wonder, or any feeling but this dull, quiet, tired patience.

Grace was found, and the child was found: but both were far away as ever, and in their place she had this foolish sleeping Molly, who would not tell whence she had come or whither Grace had gone.

So she could only wait and hope, and rest her head upon her hands again, and feel the ache of this weary patience in every

Two strokes sprang into the air as if they were living things that clutched her by the ears; and Prue started up and listened attentively.

The sound of wheels was on the December wind—wheels that drew nearer every moment, then came to the very door and stopped.

Prue took a light in her hand and got into the hall just as the house-bell was slightly stirred.

She withdrew the bolt and pulled the door towards her swiftly, and her light fell on the face of Lady Brentwyche.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Three Days.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

WE were all gathered in the big sitting-room of Mrs. Brownell's comfortable old house at Brownell's Ledges.

The windows south and east commanded an extensive view of the sea, whipped now into the maddest fury by a wild northeast storm.

The gale howled and shrieked like a million demons let loose from Pandemonium.

It rattled the casements viciously, and drove the rain in blinding sheets against the panes.

It hooted jeeringly down the wide chimneys, and wailed in a despairing minor key about the eaves.

Down upon the rocky headland the waves roared in continuous revolt.

We were cozy enough in the big sitting-room though.

Our good hostess had a highly satisfactory way of making things comfortable for all of us.

Accordingly, as the blank northeast storm increased in violence, driving all the glow of summer from the August day, she had removed the board from the old-fashioned fireplace, and the cheerless fire that ever gladdened the heart of a shivering mortal now crackled and snapped between the shining brass and irons on the hearth.

Mrs. Porter sat at a south window embroidering a white apron for eight-year-old Flossie, who was amusing herself with a wild little black kitten on the floor.

Pretty Angie Porter, fresh from boarding-school, and the Dayton twins were doing worsted work at the other south window.

Mr. Porter, Judge Kent, Bert Sheffield, and Edgar Landers were playing whist at the centre table.

Little Mrs. Kent looked on smilingly over her husband's shoulder.

At the piano, which had been sent from town for the season, sat Austin Wilder playing, as only he could play, snatches of pathetic melody, sad little Scotch airs, wild German waltzes, which wove themselves weirdly in and out of the beat of the storm.

In my snug fireside corner, I, the little old maid of the party, sat and watched Kate Rexford.

She stood at one of the east windows beating a half-unconscious accompaniment to Wilder's music with her slender fingers.

She was dressed plainly enough to-day, in a close-fitting black cashmere, which fell in heavy trailing folds about her perfect figure.

A knot of cardinal red ribbon was pinned in the filmy lace at her throat, and one of the Jacqueminot roses which Wilder had brought from town the night before was fastened in the shiny braids of her hair.

Her face—well, it was a face for a man to die for—clear, and dark, and glowing, with the sweetest, tenderest, proudest lips in the world.

A firm, round chin, oval cheeks, carmine tinted, and eyes that were magnificent in their soft fire under the black lashes.

Just now those eyes were fixed in wistful yearning upon the shifting black mass of waters, and the red lips drooped rather disconsolately at the corners.

This mood, I had noticed, always came upon Miss Rexford in a storm like this, and it puzzled me somewhat, for it seemed to me that if ever a girl's lot was prosperous, it was Kate Rexford's.

Beautiful, wealthy, idolized by her relatives and ex-guardians, the Kents, with all the best men of her set at her feet, why should she be dissatisfied?

It was a problem over which I puzzled long, for, as you may have suspected, I rather enjoyed interesting myself in the business of other people.

Miss Rexford was somewhat of a riddle to me, however.

In all the four years that I had known her, it was only during a storm on the coast that that strange, wistful, unhappy look would come into her face.

Finally, I made up my mind that it was because of some unpleasant memory—possibly an unlucky love affair, which would account for her refusal of one eligible man after another until she had gained the reputation of being heartless.

She had refused Austin Wilder the year before, and he, poor fellow, had lacked the stamina to leave her, but followed her like a dog everywhere, until I think at times she actually despised him.

Yet he was so grateful for a pleasant word, so pleased when she accepted a flower from him that it seemed rude and unkind to treat him coldly.

Towards night, Mrs. Brownell came into the sitting-room with the news that a vessel had broken up on the rocks at the other side of the point.

Some of the fishermen were bringing a man, who was washed ashore, up across the marshes to the house.

In a moment our quiet party was thrilled with excitement.

A couch with blankets and hot bricks was drawn up before the fire.

Mrs. Brownell ran for her camphor bottle, while Judge Kent brought out a small flask of French brandy.

When the man was brought in, Kate Rexford, standing beside me, uttered a low, half-repressed cry.

I knew by her countenance that she had seen the man before.

I looked at him.

He lay a dead weight in the arms of the stalwart fishermen.

He was a magnificently built man of thirty, perhaps.

His blue sailor's blouse was open at the throat.

A heavy moustache and a short pointed beard covered mouth and chin.

His skin was dark and sunburnt.

The lashes of his closed eyes were thick and black, the brow straight and heavy.

The broad, white forehead—looking whiter by contrast with the brown cheeks, was half covered by the damp, dark curls which clung close about it.

In an hour's time our shipwrecked stranger was able to talk.

He gave his name as Noel Murdock, captain of the ship which had gone to pieces that night, he said.

Miss Rexford was not in the room when he recovered consciousness.

They did not meet until the following morning, and then Captain Murdock started, and smiled at her half wistfully.

But my lady treated him with the supremest indifference, as if he were what the others supposed him to be, a mere stranger.

For three days the storm continued, and Captain Murdock was kept a prisoner with us.

For three days Kate Rexford acted like one possessed.

She lifted Austin Wilder into the seventh heaven of happiness.

She flirted with Bert Sheffield and Ed Landers.

She played hide-and-seek with little Flossie Porter, and told stories to Angie and the Dayton girls.

She captivated Mrs. Brownell's heart by washing dishes with her dainty white fingers.

But to Captain Noel Murdock she was cold, and haughty, and overbearing.

It did seem as though Kate Rexford, so rich in worldly favors, might have vouchsafed one little kindly word or look to this courteous and handsome sailor, whose stay with us was so short.

But she did not, and the man submitted to her treatment with a grave dignity, and only an occasional flash in his dark hazel eyes, as they rested for an instant now and then on her lovely face.

On the third day the storm ceased, the grey clouds went drifting away to the southern horizon.

The sun gave us a beaming good-night smile as he sank to rest in a clear western sky.

I was in the sitting-room alone

Most of the others had gone trooping down to the shore.

Miss Rexford, wrapped in a fleecy white shawl, was promenading the verandah, where she was presently joined by Captain Murdock.

"You need not turn from me, Miss Rexford," he said, in a low, intense voice.

"I fully appreciate the difference of our social positions.

"Yet, remembering that I saved your life five years ago, I will claim the privilege of bidding you farewell.

"I am going away to-morrow.

"I hope to Heaven I may never look upon your lovely, cruel face again.

"It had been the curse of my life ever since I swam ashore from the deck of Judge Kent's yacht with you in my arms.

"He does not remember his skipper of so long ago—why should he?

"My love and my pain have made me old.

"Go your dainty way, my lady, and remember that, madly as Noel Murdock loved you, he was yet too proud to throw his heart under your slender feet to be trampled on."

There was an instant's pause, and then came a low, pitiful, tender cry from beautiful Kate Rexford.

"Noel!"

I peered through the half-closed blinds.

Kate had turned towards him with outstretched hands, her face suffused with blushes, and tears in her lovely eyes.

The next moment Murdock had folded her close to his heart, and she was sobbing out an incoherent story in his arms.

"Oh, Noel—you were so blind.

"How could I speak?

"I have loved you so long.

"But you were so proud—prouder, my sailor, in your poverty, than I ever dreamed of being with my wealth.

"I hated myself for loving you so, when I had no power to win a single word from you.

"Oh, Noel, whenever there is a storm on the sea it all comes back to me—that horrible yet blessed night, when our little boat went drifting on the rocks, and I was borne ashore in your dear, strong arms."

Well there, they went on in that fashion for some time, and my spectacles were wet with tears just because of looking at them.

The next day, before Murdock left, Kate took him to Judge Kent and said:

"Uncle, Captain Murdock is, as I have told you, the man who disappeared so mysteriously after saving my life five years ago.

"What ought his reward to be?"

"Whatever he demands," said the Judge, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, and both his hands in Murdock's.

And, reader, just six months later, I saw the notice of their marriage.

METHODS OF DESTRUCTION.—It is curious to notice distinctions in naval warfare between lawful and unlawful methods, similar to those conspicuous on land. Such projectiles as bits of iron ore, pointed stones, nails, or glass, are excluded from the list of things that may be used in good war, and the declaration of St. Petersburg condemns bullets as much on one element as on the other. The wound received by Nelson at Aboukir, on the forehead, was attributed to a piece of iron or a langridge shot. And the wounds that the crew of the Brunswick received from the Vengeur in the famous battle between the French and the English fleets in June, 1701, are said to have been peculiarly distressing, owing to the French employing langridge shot of raw ore and old nails, and to their throwing explosives into the portholes, which caused most painful burnings and scaldings. It is safest to discredit such accusations altogether, for there is no limit to the barbarities that may come into play, in consequence of too ready credulity. Red-hot shot, legitimate for the defence of land forts against ships, used not to be considered good war in the contests of ships with one another. In the three hours' action between the Lively and the Tourterelle, a French privateer, the use by the latter of hot-shot, "not usually deemed honorable warfare," was considered to be wrong, but a wrong on the part of those who equipped her for sea more than on the part of the Captain who fired them. The English assailing batteries that fired red hot shot against Gluckstadt, in 1813, are said to have resorted to "a mode of warfare very unusual with us since the siege of Gibraltar." The "Treatise on Tactics," by the Emperor Leo VI., carries back the record of the means employed against an enemy in naval warfare to the ninth century. The things he recommends as most effective are: Cranes, to let fall heavy weights on the enemy's decks; caltrops, with iron spikes, to wound his feet; jars full of quicklime, to suffocate him; jars containing combustibles, to burn him; jars containing poisonous reptiles, to bite him, and Greek fire, with its noise like thunder, to frighten as well as burn him. Many of these methods were of immemorial usage, for Scipio knew the merits of jars full of pitch, and Hannibal of jars full of vipers. Nothing was too bad for use in those days.

INDIAN NAMES.—Indian names describe the locality, sometimes topographically or historically, or indicate one of the natural peculiarities of the place. While one tribe calls the beaver the beast "that puts its head out of the water," another terms it "the animal that fells trees," while a third has it as "the sharp-toothed swimmer." The Utes call the bear "the seizer," or "the hugger." The Senecas speak of North as the place "where the sun never goes." Thus horse, which in our language tells us nothing about the animal it names, is expressed by names indicating "the beast that carries on his back a living burden," or the wonderful "domestic animal introduced by white man." Colonel Gibbs gives some interesting instances of the analysis of numerals in the English language often resembling those of the Esquimaux, who express, for instance, twenty by one man, i. e., all fingers and toes. Regarding concrete nouns, the Indian languages are even more definite in their expression. The Indian never kneels; so when Eliot translates kneeling (Mark 1., 40,) the word which he was compelled to form fills a line, and numbers eleven syllables; which again, to render into English require for its accurate interpretation eight or ten English words. In the Indian languages economy of speech is not practiced, though we must not mistake economy of utterance for economy of thought. Mr. Powell gives an instance in the Ponca language. If one of this tribe wants to say that a man killed a rabbit, he would have to express himself thus: "The man, he, one animate (not dead) standing purposely killed by shooting an arrow, the rabbit, he, the one, animate, sitting." In some Indian languages are certain words used for the names of children given them in the order of their birth, so that the child's name indicates this order.

HE GOT SHAVED.—A St. Louis woman waked the other night, and putting out her hand touched the smooth face of an unknown man. She jumped out of bed and screamed for help. Her brother, who slept in the next room, entered, and, not finding ar matches, seized the intruder by the hair of the head, pummelled him soundly, dragged him into the middle of the room, thumped him, kicked him, and threw him out of the window into the back yard below. The neighbors, aroused by the noise, came in, and a light was procured. Attention was directed to the miserable object who lay groaning in the yard. As the excitement slowly subsided, and cool reason began to reign, a thought suddenly struck the wife that made her turn pale with horror. "Why, it can't be—it must be—yes, it is John! He has been to the barber's!" It was true, he had. He was her husband, and on his way home late in the evening, feeling his long and heavy beard oppressive in the heat, he had had it shorn. His wife was asleep when he crawled into bed, and he soon fell into a comfortable nap, from which he was rudely awakened.

Bric-a-Brac.

PROSELYTISM WITH A VENGEANCE.—In the year 1745 the penal laws against Catholics were in full force in Ireland, and they were not allowed to carry arms. In that year a Mr. Taafe turned Protestant in order to fight a duel.

MANLY EMPLOYMENT.—Before the invention of jack chains, poor boys were hired to turn the spits in the kitchens of the wealthy, and an old writer says, "they licked the dripping-pan, and grew to be huge, lusty knaves."

INSPIRATION.—Mrs. Radcliffe, it is said, used to eat indigestive suppers for the purpose of dreaming horribly; so did also Dryden and Fuseli; and truly all these, particularly the first and last, have given ample proof of their success in their productions.

GROTESQUE ANACHRONISMS.—In one of Albert Durer's paintings of Saint Peter denying the Savior, a Roman legionary is represented as smoking a pipe of tobacco. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up Isaac, the patriarch is shown in the act of holding a blunderbuss to his son's head, instead of raising the knife, as he is ordinarily painted.

CREOLE.—Where there is one individual correctly informed, there are one hundred who, like him, know no distinction between the terms Creole and Mulatto. "Creole" is simple a synonym for "native." It has, however, only a local, whereas "native" has a general application. To say "He is a Creole of Louisiana," is to say "He is a native of Louisiana.

THE ELEMENTS OF CHIVALRY.—An old writer describing the state of England before the reign of Henry the Eighth, says, "no younger brothers were allowed to betake themselves to trade, but were churchmen or retainers and servants to great men, rode good horses, now and then took a purse, and their blood, that was bred at the good tables of their masters, was, upon every occasion, freely let out in their quarrels."

SITES OF TOWNS.—The increasing or decreasing civilization of a nation may be ascertained by the sites of its towns and its villages; as security and independence predominate, the towns descend from the mountains to the plains; but when tyranny and anarchy reign, they resascend the rocks, or take refuge on the high sands of the sea. In the middle ages, in Italy, on the Rhine, in France, the towns stood, like eagles' nests, on the points of inaccessible rocks.

EXPEDITATION.—In the Lord Warden's lodge at Lyndhurst, in Hampshire, England, is preserved an ancient stirrup, said to have been worn by King William Rufus. It is of iron, and was once gilt, and was used during the feudal times as a test for ascertaining what dogs kept within the forest should suffer expeditation. If a dog could be drawn through the stirrup, he was to undergo this operation to disqualify him for the pursuit of deer. Expeditating means cutting off three claws of each of the fore foot to prevent their running.

CHANGE OF DESTINY.—The young duke of Burgundy, while playing with one of his attendants, fell from his rocking-horse with great violence. He was apparently unhurt, and the gentleman entreated him not to mention it, thinking there was no danger. From that time, however, he became ill, and the physicians were unable to discover his malady. At length he died. This prince gave promise of a noble disposition great talent and sensibility. Had he lived, Louis the Sixteenth (his younger brother) would never have been king. Thus a child's plaything, a rocking-horse, perhaps, changed the destiny of France, and that of all Europe.

SINGULAR CONTRAST.—It has been observed that a man will readily face danger and death in one form, and be afraid of it in another; and this remark was strikingly exemplified in Junot, of the Bonaparte's generals, who raised himself by his coolness when Bonaparte was besieging Toulon. He was writing something by order of the latter, when a bombshell burst near him; he promptly observed that he wanted sand, and it had come in due time. Yet, Sir Sidney Smith, speaking of Junot in the captain's room at the Admiralty, says, that when he was going on board the Tiger, Sir Sidney's ship, he was so frightened in mounting the ladder, that it was found necessary to take him on board through one of the port-holes.

ROSES AMONG THE ANCIENTS.—To enjoy the scent of roses at meals, an abundance of roses were shaken on the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses during meals descended on the guests from above. Heliogabulus, in his folly, caused roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of banquet room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers, in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabulus caused not only the banquet rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, hyacinths and narcissi, and walked about upon the flowery platform.

EVENING HYMN.

BY J. T. FIELDS.

Hither, bright angels, wing your flight,
And stay your gentle presence here;
Watch round and shield us through the night
That every shade may disappear.

How sweet, when Nature claims repose,
And darkness floats in silence nigh,
To welcome in at daylight's close
Those radiant troops that gem the sky!

To feel that unseen hands we clasp,
While feet unheard are gathering round—
To know that we in faith may grasp
Celestial guards from heavenly ground.

Oh, ever thus with silent prayer
For those we love may night begin—
Reposing safe, released from care,
Till morning leads the sunlight in.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"I WILL not call mine spoiled," said Hettie.

"I would rather have loved him unhappily, than have been the beloved wife of any other man.

"Mine will be a life apart; but I will not call it spoiled.

"That night he kissed me.

"No man had kissed me before; no man shall ever kiss me again.

"On that night, just for one minute, he took me in his arms and held me there; and until I die no arms shall clasp me again.

"I suffer pain; yet even my pain is sweet and pleasant to me.

"Sometimes I think that we quiet women can suffer deeper pain than women of more passionate natures.

"That other, whom my love will marry, said she should die if she lost him.

"I love him as much, but it will not kill me."

"Would you wish that it might, Hettie?" asked Leah.

"No.

"I love you, and I shall find out many pleasures in life; but I shall be true to my lost love.

"I wish you could have seen him, Leah.

"To have loved one such, even if unhappily, is joy enough for a lifetime.

"I have told you my love-story, dear, and you will know now why, as I go through life, all men will be to me but as shadows."

"I hope it will not be so, Hettie.

"As the years go on you will forget this incident, which is but a dream, and meet with some one who will make you happy."

Hettie shook her golden head.

Could any other man have such a face as the man who had kissed her by the sea?

Could any one ever replace him?

She laughed the idea to scorn.

"How strange, Leah," said Hettie, "that we two sisters have a fate so different!

"To you—mind, darling, I do not envy you—I am not even ever so slightly jealous of you—to you everything has come, even love."

"You forget one thing," remarked Leah.

"You have your father's blessing.

"I have his curse; although no harm has followed it, still it lies upon me."

"I have wondered," said Hettie, with a sad smile, "whether it has not fallen on me by mistake."

"No. I am quite sure it has not," declared Leah warmly.

"You deserve every blessing.

"My life is not finished; it may overtake me yet"—words which she afterwards remembered as prophetic.

Just at that moment the General came down the terrace to them.

"In your favorite spot, Leah?" said he.

"Do you know how long you girls have been talking?

"More than an hour.

"What is it about?

"Neither bonnets or lovers—of that I am sure."

Neither sister spoke, and then Sir Arthur saw that each face was pale and grave.

He thought to himself that they had been speaking of their father.

"Leah, I want you," he said.

"I will not keep you very long; but I should like to talk to you before Basil comes."

Hettie heard the name, and repeated it to herself:

"Basil?"

It was an unusual name, and one she had hardly heard before.

"That must be Leah's lover," Hettie said.

"Happy Leah; Heaven bless her!"

No knight would ride down the avenue to woo and win her.

She wondered if many women gave their lives for love.

"Come to the library, Leah," said the General.

"I like bracing, clear, frosty weather like this, but I felt a twinge in my right arm this morning, and I must not neglect it."

Seeing that Hettie looked at him inquiringly, he continued—

"An old wound is like an old friend.

"I received a sword cut on this arm more than twenty years ago, and sometimes on cold days it teases me even now; the moral of which is that it is easier to give than cure a wound.

"Do not leave your cosy corner, Hettie; I will send Leah back to you in ten minutes."

As they walked down the terrace together, Hettie wondered if the time would ever come when they would discuss matters before her, if she would ever really be one of themselves, if, when Leah was married, she would take her place in her uncle's confidence.

Not caring to watch Leah and her uncle, Hettie looked down the avenue, and saw a gentleman walking up to the house.

She drew back, thinking that it was some visitor for the General, and the next minute had forgotten all about the occurrence.

"I want to speak to you, Leah, before Basil comes; that is, if he does come today," said Sir Arthur.

"It will be better for me to tell him the whole story before he sees Hettie.

"I thought of sending a note over to him to ask him if he would grant me an interview as soon as possible after his return.

"I feel quite sure of one thing, Leah, and that is—the fact of your being Martin Ray's daughter will make no difference whatever to him.

"At first I was doubtful; but, since I have known him better, I have discovered that he has no great or strong prejudices.

"I have not the least fear about telling him, and he will understand my motive in keeping the matter secret.

"It is no pleasant thing for a soldier, a loyal servant of her Majesty, to be associated with a man like Martin Ray.

"It is quite natural that I should dislike to have my name connected with his.

"I do not want to pain you, I do not want even to talk any more about it; but I must add this, Leah:

"Basil's opinions are not settled and determined like mine.

"I do not believe that he will be annoyed or vexed at all, and I do not think you need be anxious about it."

So they talked while the cloud of fate grew deeper and darker, and they did not even see its shadow.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SIR BASIL walked slowly up the avenue: he looked tired and pale—not at all like a gay or eager bridegroom.

Shadows in his eyes told of sleepless nights, of weary days, of sad thoughts.

Yet he had in his manner something of the man who has fought a good fight and has overcome.

He reflected, as he walked between the long lines of leafless trees, that after all he was more fortunate than many men.

He had known the rapture of true love even though it lasted for so short a time.

Many men lived and died without knowing one such hour as had fallen to his lot by the sweet southern sea.

The glow of it, the warmth of it, would last him through life, even through the chill of long years.

How well he remembered the first morning that he came to Brentwood, and the beautiful face shining in the midst of the passion-flowers!

What a fatal morning it had been for him!

He could recall the peculiar expression of Leah's face the first moment her eyes met his; and she had told him since that in that first moment she had loved him.

How loving and faithful she had been to him ever since!

He made many good resolutions as he walked up the avenue.

He would be more loving to her.

Never again should his thoughts rove to the fair pale face that had lain on his breast for five minutes, never to lie there again.

He would be loving and loyal to her, and in time Heaven would send him peace.

No man was either great, or wise, or truly noble until he had suffered pain.

It was the lot of every man; some live without pleasure, happiness, or love, but no one lives without pain.

"I will make it all up to her," he thought: and then through the leafless trees he saw the terraces and the pretty balustrade where the great clusters of passion-flowers grew in summer—the very spot on which he had first seen her; and, unless he was mistaken, she was there now.

Yes, he could see the folds of a long black dress on the white stone of the terrace; he could see one white hand lying idly on the ledge where the brown tendrils looked withered and dead.

He would go to her noiselessly and take her in his arms; he would kiss her, and say loving words to her.

He went quietly up the great white steps, where the marble statues stood and the huge vases were filled with evergreens, round the great clusters of almond-trees to the corner that Leah loved best.

He smiled to himself.

Ah, he was not mistaken!

A tall slender figure stood there, with a black dress trailing on the steps, a white hand resting on the balustrade.

He could not see her face or head, for she was looking towards the house.

Should he call her name?

If he uttered but one word, she would turn to him with her face all bright with glad and happy love.

No: he would go up to her and clasp her in his arms and kiss her, while he made her guess who he was.

The sun shone on but the wind fell, the great trees were hushed and still, as though they were silent witnesses of a great tragedy, while with soft hurried steps he went up to the motionless figure.

She might have been carved in marble, she was so still.

One arm was half round her and his dark handsome head bent over her before he perceived that the beautiful masses of hair were of gold.

The next moment the fair face seemed to flash into his own, a cry came from the pale lips, a great shock overwhelmed them.

There was a terrible moment of fear and pain, of bewilderment and surprise, followed by a deep silence that was full of agony.

Then faintly from him came the name "Hettie!"—so tremulously spoken that it was like a sigh.

"Hettie," he repeated, "is it you?"

She shrank back with a little wailing cry, which seemed to go straight to his heart.

Could it be Hettie?

Was that the golden head which had lain for a few happy minutes on his breast?

Was that the fair pale face which he had covered with kisses and tears?

Could it be the girl whom he had left by the sea, never to meet again?

"It is really Hettie," he said; and he laid his hand upon hers, as though he half fancied she would melt into thin air.

"I cannot trust my own eyes.

"Speak one word to me.

"Are you really Hettie Ray?"

He had seen her last in her homely dress, plainly made of plain material, in the midst of her homely surroundings.

Now she stood arrayed in costly silk with great folds of fine crape, with an air of distinction and elegance, a certain subtle change—more fair and lovely than ever in his eyes—Hettie still, but a very different Hettie from the simply-dressed maiden he had known at Southwood.

She raised her blue eyes and looked at him.

"Do you not know me?" she said reproachfully.

"Surely I am Hettie Ray, just as I am the most miserable girl in the wide world."

"Hettie, Hettie, what brought you here?"

He made no attempt to caress her.

He drew back from her, and looked at her with wild troubled eyes.

"What has brought you here?" he repeated.

"I have tried my best: I have fought a fiercer fight with my heart than any man ever fought, and now, when I had begun to hope for peace, you rise from the very ground, as it were, before me.

"Hettie, in Heaven's name, tell me what brings you here?"

The face before him was miserable enough: there was the very anguish of woe in the blue eyes.

"Do you not know," she said slowly, "who I am?"

"You are Hettie Ray," he replied.

"Alas, alas!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"I begin to see now; I begin to understand.

"What have I done that Heaven should punish me so?

"What have I done?"

"Hettie," he said gently, "I do not understand.

"What is the matter?"

"Who are you?" she cried.

"Do not keep me in suspense.

"Tell me quickly."

Still no glimmer of the truth came to him.

He wondered at the intense anxiety of her manner.

"I forgot," he said: "you never know my name.

"I am Sir Basil Carlton, of Glen."

She repeated the words after him, her white lips trembling.

They brought no memory to her.

"Sir Basil Carlton!" she repeated.

"I do not mean that.

"Who are you?

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake are you Leah's *fiance*?

"They said that Leah's lover was coming to-day.

"Heaven cannot be so cruel—you cannot be Leah's *fiance*!"

"I am Leah's lover, my poor darling," he said sadly.

"And she loves you so!

"Oh, how has it happened?

"We were talking about you the other day—no, this morning: it seems to me long since she told me about her lover, and how she loved him.

"Oh, Heaven, how it all comes back to me!

"I told her such a great love could never be a happy one; but how little I thought——"

She paused, and then, after a minute's silence, she looked at him again.

"You," she said—"you are Leah's lover.

"She loves you so dearly, she said she should die if she were parted from you.

"Oh, hapless Leah, oh, miserable, thrice-wretched me!"

All her strength and youth seemed to leave her; her white face and wild eyes were terrible to see.

Half frightened because of her despair, he drew nearer to her.

"Hettie," he said, "what is Leah to you?

"Tell me who you are."

"Do you not know?" she said.

"Have they not told you?"

"Told me what?" he cried.

"What is it?"

A sickening sense of insecurity came to her.

If neither Leah nor Sir Arthur had said anything to him, what could she say?

Was he to know all about her?

If she told him that she was Leah's sister, and that they were both daughters of Martin Ray, what would happen?

Her heart grew faint with dread and pain.

She held out her hands to him with an imploring gesture.

"Do you not know?" she said.

"Can you not guess who I am?"

"How can I?

"Why, Hettie, what need is there for mystery?

"You can have nothing to fear in telling me.

"What brings you, Martin Ray's daughter, here to Brentwood, and what are you to Leah?"

"You cannot guess?" she said.

"You have no idea?"

"None.

"I cannot guess.

"What are you keeping from me, Hettie?"

"My story and Leah's," she replied; "and I cannot tell it to you.

"You must ask them to tell it."

In his sudden surprise and complete bewilderment, he never thought of what Martin Ray had told him of his two daughters; all power of thought and memory had gone from him.

"Hettie, you have lost faith in me!" he said.

"No; it is not that.

"I——

"See, there is some one coming.

"Do not let me be seen."

The quick footstep of one of the men-servants was heard on the terrace.

Without a word, Sir Basil went to meet him.

"Sir Arthur would be pleased to see you in the library at once, Sir Basil," said the man.

If he felt any curiosity about the figure crouching against the balustrade, he gave no sign.

"Say that I will be there in a few minutes," was the reply; and the man went away.

Sir Basil turned to Hettie.

"Let me take you to the house, Hettie," he said.

"You must not remain here."

"I cannot go.

"You must leave me here.

"I cannot walk," she said; "I cannot stand.

"Do you not see how I tremble?

"You must leave me."

He looked terribly distressed.

"My darling," he began.

But she held up her hand.

"Hush, Basil!" she said.

"Remember, you are Leah's lover."

"I will not leave you, Hettie," said Sir Basil.

"You will faint."

"No; do not fear.

"Listen to me.

"It will be all for the best.

"You go now.

"No one will know that you have seen me, and they will tell you the story.

"We must meet after that as strangers.

"Go."

"Heaven knows that no man was ever more puzzled or more unhappy than I," he said.

Her eyes were dim with tears as she watched him—Leah's lover; and then, as he went slowly down the terrace, a mist seemed to rise before her; she swayed to and fro, staggered, and, helpless, lifeless, fell suddenly to the ground.

CHAPTER XLV.

AS he passed quickly through one of the side-halls of Brentwood, Sir Basil caught a glimpse of his face in a mirror, and started back, almost frightened by his own reflection.

Was that haggard face his?

He stood still for a few minutes before he went to the library to collect himself, to drive the wierd shadows from his face and eyes, to clear his brain.

Then, when he was in some measure himself, he went at once to the room where the General awaited him.

Sir Arthur was alone, and so preoccupied with his own thoughts that he did not notice the pallor and agitation of Leah's lover.

He shook hands with him, and welcomed him home most heartily.

"I am glad to see you, Basil," he said.

"I assure you that some of us have found the past ten days very long ones.

"We have had a very unpleasant, anxious time of it since we parted.

"I am thankful it is over.

"There remains a duty perhaps even more disagreeable, and that is to tell you a story which I would fain have buried in oblivion."

"A story!" repeated Sir Basil.

This, then, was what Hettie meant when she said "they" had something to tell him.

"You will always remember, Basil, that it is I who have kept this secret from you.

"It was my desire, my wish that nothing was said.

"Leah would have had it otherwise, if I had let her have her own way.

"The fault, if there be any fault, lies with me.

"You can judge when I have told you.

"Let me add this—if anything which I tell you should be adverse to your tastes and opinions, you are free as air.

"Leah would not bind you.

"You have but to say the word."

"Nothing can free me from Leah," he said; and Sir Arthur, in his satisfaction at

the words, did not notice the tone of the speaker's voice.

"Thank Heaven for that!

"Now listen to my story, Basil.

"I will begin from my earliest recollection of the one thing I loved better than the whole world—my little sister."

He did not think it strange that Sir Basil turned his face to the window, so that no change passing over it could be seen.

At first Sir Basil seemed hardly to realize the words he heard—they passed over him as it were; then they began to strike on his brain.

Some faint glimmer of the truth came to him when he heard the name of Martin Ray enough to turn him faint and dizzy, to make his heart beat wildly.

He never forgot that hour.

From the window he saw the sunshine on the distant hills and woods, on the bare branches of the trees, on the white stone terraces and the evergreens; a little robin redbreast flew up and down; the wind blew the brown branches of a dead guelder-rose against the window-panes.

He never forgot one detail.

The General's went on in dull monotone; and presently Sir Basil's attention was caught and riveted by the names of Leah and Hettie, the two fair sisters.

He listened intently as the General told him, with some dramatic skill, the story of the choice they made.

He was back again with Martin Ray in fancy, listening to the same relation, but told in so different a fashion; and he remembered with a bitter pang that when Martin Ray recited the story Sir Basil had condemned Leah—he had judged her cold and selfish; he had admired Hettie, the daughter who clung to her father, a thousand times more than her who had left him.

And now the girl whom in his own mind he had considered selfish and heartless was she whom he was to make his wife.

He blamed himself that he had not discovered the truth; it all seemed now easy to understand.

He could not even imagine how he had been so blind, save that it had never occurred to him to connect Martin Ray and his family with the General's household.

While these thoughts ran riot through his brain, the General went on with his story, and Sir Basil listened in silence to the end.

It was true then; he, the most unfortunate of men, stood between these two loving sisters.

He loved one with his whole heart, and he was bound in honor to marry the other, and both loved him.

Was there ever such a misfortune, such a fate?

He was silent from sheer excess of despair.

Who could have thought that the beautiful queenly woman and the fair winsome girl were sisters—one the very queen of beauty and fashion, the other earning her living and supporting her father by teaching?

Fate must have been laughing at them when it led him to Southwood.

The General wondered at his silence, and when he had finished his story, waited for his young companion to speak.

Still Sir Basil sat with his face to the window, silent and still.

"You will understand," said Sir Arthur, "that it was no question of social inequality.

"If my sister had married one greatly her inferior in rank, and he had been a loyal, honest man, I should have respected him; but a man like Martin Ray I could not tolerate.

"There is no use in speaking ill of the dead; but my sister would never have written to me without due reason to ask me to save her children.

"However it may be, whether I did right or wrong, it cannot be altered now.

"If you find any reason, Basil, in what I have told you for bringing your engagement to an end, you will be justified in doing so."

The General was struck by the pain and the pallor of the face turned to him.

"I do not complain," said Sir Basil, "though I wish that I had known the truth from the first.

"I understand your motives and respect them.

"I, in your place, should probably have done the same thing.

"But I think better of Martin Ray than you do, and the fact that he was the father of the girl I loved would never have made the slightest difference to me.

"I hope you will not be annoyed when I say that Martin Ray's daughters would have been the same to me as daughters of your own."

"I am delighted to hear it," returned Sir Arthur.

"Affairs have changed considerable of late years.

"Martin has been like a lion with his teeth drawn; but when my poor sister ran away with him, he was a power in the land."

Sir Basil was thinking deeply.

He decided that it would be much better for him not to mention that he had ever seen or known Martin Ray—much better that the whole sad story should be buried and done with forever.

Yet, as he framed these thoughts, he was dazed and blind with his great misery.

What manner of life lay before him—loving one sister, marrying the other, and the one he loved always near him?

"You are not angry, Basil?" said Sir Arthur gently.

"You are not vexed at this concealment?"

"Not in the least," he replied.

"I think it was most natural for you to act as you did in the circumstances.

"I do not blame you; nor, as I told you before, does the disclosure affect me in the smallest degree.

"I am only sorry that I did not know the truth from the first."

If he had known it, all this trouble would have been avoided.

"If you are not vexed or annoyed, tell me what makes you look so strange, Basil?"

"Do I look strange?

"Then it must be because I do not feel quite myself this morning.

"Perhaps my journey has tired me; and I was in a hurry to come over here."

"Have you seen Leah yet?" asked Sir Arthur.

"No, not yet.

"One of the footmen met me on the terrace, and told me that you desired to see me."

"Yes; I told him to look out for you.

"I thought it better to tell you all before you saw Miss Hettie Ray, the new inmate of whom we wrote to you.

"She will live with us for the future.

"I shall always love Leah as the daughter of my heart, because she chose me and came away with me.

"But Hettie is a lovely girl, so wise, so charming, and gentle.

"I have never seen two such perfect women, yet they differ greatly.

"Leah is a queen of tragedy and passion, Hettie like the very queen of love.

"I am sure you will like her, Basil.

"We shall be a very happy family.

"When you take Leah home to Glen, I shall still have a daughter left."

Sir Basil was open and honest as the day.

He hated deceit, and he paused now to think whether he should tell the General anything of his adventures at Southwood.

It could answer no purpose—do no good.

It would lead only to intolerable complications.

No harm had been intended in keeping a secret from him; he, in his turn, might surely keep a secret from Leah—above all, when the revelation of it would cause only misery.

His conscience was quite clear.

He knew that he had merely kept silent with regard to his acquaintance with Martin Ray because of the Duke's prejudices, and at the Duke's request, so that the General had nothing to do with it in any way.

He decided to keep his secret; no one there need ever suspect that he had known Martin Ray.

"I am sure you will be pleased; and I am sure we shall be all the happier for her coming," continued the General.

"Hettie has not been with us many days, and not many hours here at Brantwood, yet I have found her a very pleasant addition to our home circle.

"I like to hear the sisters laugh and talk together.

"King Francis was right when he said that a Court without ladies was like a garden without flowers.

"A house without a woman is a desert.

"Even the sound of their footsteps has a charm.

"You will find it so.

"And now, Basil, that I have told you all, let it die.

"Let us enjoy ourselves; let us be happy, and bury the past that has nothing pleasant in it.

"When you see Leah, tell her that you know all, and that it makes no difference; she will be perfectly happy then."

As he spoke, the General heard some slight confusion, a sound of footsteps, a subdued murmur.

"I am afraid there is something wrong," he said to Basil. "What is the matter?" he asked, turning to the servant who had entered.

"Miss Hettie is ill, sir," replied the man. "Miss Hatton found her in a faint on the terrace, and ordered her to be carried to her room."

Sir Basil's face turned ghastly white.

If she were ill, it was his fault.

He ought not to have left her; he should have remained with her and risked all.

"She is not very strong, I fear," said the General—"not so strong as Leah, and she has had a great deal of trouble lately."

Who knew that so well as he?

"Stay with us for the day, Basil," continued Sir Arthur.

"If Hettie is not well, we will have no visitors, and you will be able to have a long talk with Leah."

And, much as Sir Basil longed to be away, he felt himself bound to remain.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LEAH had been terribly shocked at finding Hettie lying unconscious on the ground.

While she had been talking to Sir Arthur in the library, one of the men-servants, who had been told to watch for Sir Basil's arrival, had come to say that he had arrived, and the General had at once sent for him.

"I will leave you, uncle," she said. "You will be more at ease if I am not here."

She went up to him before she quitted the room, and put one arm round his neck, half hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Uncle," she whispered, "you do not really think that what you have to say will make any difference as regards Basil, do you?"

With one hand she clutched the lace on her bosom, and he saw that her very soul was on her lips.

How well she loved Sir Basil, this beautiful niece of his!

"I am quite sure not," he replied.

"You may rest happy, content, and assured.

"I know him so well.

"I think myself that he rather believes a rabid politician to be a great patriot.

"You need not have the shadow of a fear, Leah."

"I shall know," said the girl, "by my first glance at the face whether the story has vexed him or not.

"If I thought that it would, or that his love for me would grow less, I should die now and here."

"Have no fear, Leah; trust to me."

She quitted the room, and went back to the terrace where she had left Hettie.

No tall figure stood by the balustrade; but she saw an inanimate form stretched on the ground.

Full of alarm, she hastened to the spot.

It was Hettie, white, cold, senseless, her golden hair lying like a veil over her shoulders—Hettie, whom she had left so short a time before well and smiling!

What was wrong?

She raised the golden head and looked into the white face.

Was it death?

Was it sudden illness?

In a paroxysm of terror she kissed the sweet face.

"Some one has broken her heart," thought Leah.

She remembered the pathetic little love-story her sister had told her.

It was that had caused her to faint.

Finding it impossible to restore her to consciousness, Leah summoned aid, and Hettie was carried to her room.

There was a look of great pain in the blue eyes when they unclosed at last, and when they rested on Leah a cry escaped her.

She opened her arms and folded her in them.

"Leah! Leah!" she cried; and then she checked herself.

She must not betray her secret.

Leah must not know that her lover had swerved, even though unconsciously.

She must not stand like a shadow between Leah and the full sunshine and gladness of her love.

Leah was very loving to her.

"What made you ill, Hettie?" she said.

"You seemed quite well when I left you.

"Was it the recital of your love-story?

"Ah, my darling, if it was the remembrance of your trouble, try to forget it!

"You are too good and too beautiful to die because a man has not the sense to love you best.

"He was cruel to you, Hettie, whoever he is, wantonly cruel.

"He must have known that you would learn to care for him.

"Try to forget it, Hettie.

"I shall not let you talk to me about it again.

"It is that which made you so ill.

"How cruel men are!

"If—but, thank Heaven, I never shall!—if ever I met that man, I would make him suffer for all that he has done to you.

"There—you need not protest, my darling; and I am foolish so to speak of him.

"Of course, like every fond and foolish woman, you cannot bear to hear a word said against the man who has done you a cruel injury.

"Try to forget it, Hettie."

"It is a curse that has fallen on me," she said.

Then Leah kissed her and bade her rest.

"Close your eyes and sleep; you will be better then," she said.

"And I want you to come down to dinner; I have a surprise for you."

She little dreamed that it was "the surprise" which had almost killed her sister.

Leah stole away gently then.

Her lover would be waiting for her—the lover who now knew her story, and from whose face she would learn at the first glance whether he cared less for her.

She went to library, but it was empty, and a deadly chill made her tremble.

Had he resented the disclosure and gone away.

She went to the drawing-room.

He was not there; but from the window she saw him walking slowly up and down the terrace, his face pale and agitated.

Better to know her fate at once.

She hastened out to him and touched his arm gently with her hand.

"Basil," she said—and there was a world of piteous entreaty in her voice—"let me look at your face."

He turned to her, and her heart gave one great bound of relief, which was quickly followed by a smart of pain.

There was no trace of anger or annoyance on the face she loved so well, but there was unutterable pain.

"Basil," she said, "my uncle has told you all.

"Has he vexed or grieved you?"

He gazed at her with a vacant wonder in his eyes, and then came a gleam of recollection.

"It can never be," she thought, "that he has forgotten so momentous a conversation."

"Grieved me?

"No, not in the least."

The pathos of her face troubled him.

"It has neither grieved nor vexed me in the least."

"I assure you honestly that I shall not be ashamed of the whole world's knowing that I married the daughter of Martin Ray.

"After all, though some of his ideas were strangely mistaken, he was a patriot at heart, was he not, Leah?"

"Do not ask me, Basil," she cried, with a shudder.

Even to her lover she could not speak of her father.

"My uncle has told you the whole story, and you say that he has not vexed or grieved you, that you do not love me one whit the less for it.

"Now grant me one favor, Basil; promise me that you will never speak of my past life to me.

"It was horrible

"I had not, as I grew older, one thought or idea in common with my poor father.

"I wake now sometimes heartsick with horrible dreams, fancying myself once more listening with a rebellious heart to doctrines and teachings I hated.

"I say no word against my poor father; but I can never bear to think of the past, dream of it, recall it.

"You know that I am Martin Ray's daughter; you love me none the less for that; I am content.

"You are very good to me, Basil," she said; "I will try to repay you.

"My uncle felt sure of your good faith; he understands you well.

"He told you all about my dear sister."

Her face was transfigured in its tenderness as she spoke of Hettie.

"You will love her, Basil, I know; she is so fair, so sweet and good.

"I think her most beautiful, too.

"But you love dark-haired women best, do you not?"

"I love one dark-hair woman," said Sir Basil.

"I shall not plead guilty to more than that."

She laughed the happy quiet laugh he was not often to hear again, and looked at him with brightening eyes.

"How happy we shall be together!"

"I could not have believed that so much happiness existed on earth.

"Ah, Basil, how much I missed my sister I could never tell you!

"In spite of all the luxury and magnificence that surrounded me, I was desolate in heart until you came.

"I have known no desolation since."

He would have given worlds to return her kind, loving words; but he could not.

His lips trembled, his voice faltered, as he tried to frame some question about Hettie.

"I am sorry to hear," he said, "that your sister is ill. Is it true?"

"She fainted. I was talking to her on the terrace when my uncle came for me. I left her well enough. When I came back, she was lying with her face to the ground."

He strangled the bitter cry that rose to his lips.

"She has had a great trouble in her life," said unconscious Leah, "and I am afraid it will be some time before she will get over it."

The words struck him like a blow.

It was impossible that she could have told Leah.

Yet what did this mean?

"Trouble?" he said. "I am sorry to hear it. What trouble is it?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied gravely. "I do not know much about it; but it is a sorrow that has spoiled her life, and we must be doubly kind and gentle to her because of it. Out of the greatness of our own happiness we must be most loving to her."

"Heaven be merciful to me!" he cried to himself. "I am sorely tried!"

"I know you will be like a kind elder brother to Hettie; will you not, Basil? And in time I hope she will forget this trouble, and love some one else—some one who will marry her, she is so sweet and beautiful. I look forward to such a happy future."

He could not by word or look destroy the happiness that shone in Leah's face; yet the other face, more loving, if less fair, was a thousand times dearer to him.

"Hettie will be down to dinner," continued the unconscious girl, "and then I shall introduce the two people I love best to each other.

"You will be all that is most kind and loving to her, Basil, will you not, for my sake?"

"I will do everything you wish," he replied.

He knew how well she loved him, and he knew also that, if ever she guessed at the truth, her life would end with her happiness.

She was looking up at him with glad eyes in which tears were shining.

"I will be so good," she said. "Those whom Heaven blesses should always be good—and Heaven has blessed me.

"Sometimes I think I might have been selfish had I been less happy."

He could not help thinking how, without knowing that it was her story he had heard, he had judged her selfish.

Strangely enough, her thoughts went in the same direction.

"Basil," she said gently, "there is one question I should like to ask you—only one.

"When you heard my story—when you were told of my choice—did you think me selfish?

"It was as though I had to choose between poverty and wealth, between my love and duty to my father and the luxury of a fashionable life.

"It was not so.

"Had my uncle been poor and my father rich, I should have done the same.

"It was the life sketched out for me that frightened me.

"Did you think me selfish? Tell me."

He was silent for some minutes.

He could not say "No," for had he not already condemned her?

"He could not say "Yes," because he could not wound her.

"I think," he replied, "that the circumstances were unusual, and that no person but yourself can comprehend them."

"Thank you," she said gently.

"I wish it were in my power to prove to you now that I am not selfish.

"I wish there were some grand sacrifice I could make for your sake; you would see that I should embrace it as some would a gain or a pleasure.

"You would say to yourself then that I was not to be judged by this one action of my life."

"I do not think so now, Leah," he remarked.

"But you would know it then, Basil,"—and the light of heroism was on her face as she spoke.

"I wish I could prove it.

"If anyone attempted your life, I would cast myself before you and receive the death blow instead."

"No one is likely to put you to the test," he said, with a faint laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX. [CONTINUED.]

"CAN you not take her a little farther?" she asked.

"Our servant is at the bridge.

The man did not even reply, but strode on so rapidly that Barbara could scarcely keep up with him, till they reached the first of the three cottages.

"We will go in here," he said, pushing open the gate, and leading the way to the door, at which he tapped with his foot with a force that quickly brought an answer in the shape of a middle-aged female, of no very prepossessing appearance, who was apparently too petrified to even make way for the unexpected visitors, but stood staring with amazement, and no very amiable expression of face.

"What are you standing there for, woman?" exclaimed the man, pushing her unceremoniously aside.

"Are you mazed or drunk, that you can't see the girl's in a faint?

"Get some water—quick!—quick!—and anything else that your woman's wit (if you have any) can think of to bring her round."

As he spoke, he had carried Claudia straight into the first room that opened from the little passage, and laid her on a large sofa, that stood by the fire-place.

Indeed, the room appeared partly used as a kitchen, from the various articles that were disposed about the shelves and table, which would account for the fire in August which was blazing cheerfully in the old-fashioned grate.

The man appeared to have some authority over the ungracious-looking female, for she did not attempt to impede his movements, though, for a moment, she hesitated to obey his orders.

"But you forget—surely it is not safe," she said, in a tone so low that only an excited ear like Barbara's could have caught the words.

"What could possess you to bring them here just now?"

"Hold your tongue, and do as I bid you!" he said, angrily.

"And be quick, or it will be worse for you and all of us."

He whispered a word or two in her ears in a yet more inaudible tone, which appeared to have the desired effect, for she left the room without further remonstrance and quickly returned with water, a bottle of salts, vinegar, and other restoratives, which Barbara remarked even at that moment of anxiety as somewhat singular articles to be found in so humble a cottage.

"There, I'll leave you till the girl's better," said the man; "but I shall be within call, remember; so you can let me know directly she comes round."

The look was significant, and the woman sullenly assented to the instructions, and then, with Barbara's help, set about the necessary cares for Claudia.

She was a better nurse than her harsh, ungracious manner would have promised; and the remedies she applied, and her directions to her youthful assistant, soon proved their efficacy by the reanimation of the patient.

Perhaps the warm glow of the fire, and the wine that was administered to the invalid, did more than the water, which was used with untiring zeal by the anxious Barbara.

But, whatever the cause, in less than ten minutes Claudia's color began to return to her lips and cheeks, her eyes opened with almost their usual brightness, with an expression of returning consciousness and vigor, that set Barbara's worst fears at rest.

"I remember now," she said, as Barbara bent over her to hide the stranger from her on first regaining her sense; "that horrid snake—who killed it?

"Where are we, Barbara?"

Barbara replied to the first question, and then turned to the woman with a grateful request to know to whom they were so much obliged.

But the ruse—if it were one—did not succeed.

"You're in a house, and had the help you wanted.

"That's all you need trouble yourself about," said the woman.

"Are you well again now, young lady?"

"Yes, nearly so.

"My foot still pains me; but the faintness is gone.

"Still I am very cold," said Claudia, raising herself from her pillow.

The woman lifted her dress from the injured limb and proceeded to examine it.

The shape and size seemed to attract even the attendant's admiration; for she gazed at the uncovered foot, and bent over it as if to discover the cause of the injury; though Barbara fancied the examination was rather too minute and interested for one so apparently inaccessible to sympathy.

"Is that it?" she said, suddenly pointing to the mark of a cross that was stamped in small but vividly red lines on the slender ankle.

"Is that the hurt?"

"Certainly not," said Claudia, smiling, even in her pain.

"That was born with me, I believe.

"It is the foot, not the ankle that hurts me."

The woman gave a quick, sharp glance over the face and form of her patient, which rapid as it was, took in every feature, every characteristic that belonged to her, and then returned to her task, with a softened manner and tone.

"It's no great matter," she said; "sprain or twist, perhaps, if you fell in your swoon.

There—I'll fetch something to rub it with and you'll soon feel whether there's anything more than a slight sprain."

She left the room by a door which opened to another, when Barbara's quick eyes caught sight of a bed, and female head lying on the pillows, as if in extreme langour or illness.

But the door closed before she had time to see more; and her attention was too engrossed by the desire to get Claudia from the cottage, and placed in some mode of transit to their home, for her to dwell just then on indifferent matters.

In a few moments, and almost before the girls could take advantage of her absence to exchange a word, the woman returned with a bottle in her hand, which appeared to contain some herbal decoction, from the strong odor which at once filled the room as she took out the cork.

"There," said she, as she applied it to the injured foot, "that has cured far worse, if not prettier, limbs than yours," her tongue apparently unlocked by the sight of that beautiful little foot.

"There, you'll walk about again to-morrow, if you are careful."

"But how are you to get home?" asked Barbara, anxiously.

"Ask those that brought you here," she replied, stiffly.

Touching a little whistle that lay on the table, the door at once opened, and the man who called himself Harper appeared.

"The lady wants to know when you mean to take her and her companion home," said the woman, with a sarcastic smile; "they don't feel at home here, I take it, in spite of their welcome."

"Some folks say that blood is thicker than water, but it don't seem so in this case," said the man, laughingly.

"It's a wise child that knows its own father and mother, eh, young lady?" he added, looking meaningly at Barbara.

"She's right, she's right," retorted the woman, angrily, and with an impatint frown.

"What have they to stay here for?

"You know they're better away.

"Let them go, Jonas; let them go."

"I reckon they'll be clever to manage it, if I let them ever so much," he said, scoffingly.

"That fainting damsel don't look quite able to walk half a mile, and then ride three; and the other's no very taking figure to show herself, with her white face, and white clothes too, for that matter."

Barbara glanced at her dusty torn habit, and the battered hat which lay beside her, and involuntarily smiled at the man's quaint rudeness.

"I dare say I can soon make myself a little respectable" she said, crushing down her real alarm under the show of carelessness.

"Miss Sabine could, I dare say, walk as far as the bridge, and then Stephen can lead her horse home.

"It will create alarm if we are longer absent."

"Alarm! to whom?" said the man, abruptly.

"Are you so much thought of, young lady, at the 'home' you speak of?"

A strange pang shot through Barbara's heart at the man's remark.

Did he know or guess how little right she had to the affection or care of her temporary guardian.

"Mr. Ashley will be alarmed for his ward," she said; "and as they know the direction we took, some search will be made if we do not soon return.

"They might have searched a long time if it had not been for me," said the man, coolly.

"However, I will not keep you against your will, if the object of your coming is attained.

"Monica, can't you give them some water, and make them look a little more 'respectable,' as the young lady says.

"Take them into the other room, while I go and see what I can manage for the helpless one.

"I guess she's the most petted, because she's got the least sense."

"With this doubtful compliment he left the room.

"Come, one at a time," said the woman. "I can't have you both in the closet they call mine.

"There, give me your arm, pretty one; I'll take care of you, and your friend can come afterwards."

"I dare not go alone," said Claudia, casting a terrified glance at Barbara.

"Come with me, Barbara."

"Foolish child!" frowned the woman; "you're unworthy of the care bestowed on you.

"Do you come first, then," she said, turning to Barbara; "I little thought to see such a craven out of an eagle's nest."

Before Claudia could speak, the woman had left the room, beckoning Barbara to follow, whose curiosity by this time was eclipsing all other feelings.

"You have both of you implied that you know something of me and of my friend," she said, earnestly; "and yet I never remember seeing you before.

"No——"

"Perhaps not," said the woman.

"Nor have I ever set my eyes on you before, to my knowledge; and yet there is something in your features that recalls the days of my youth, though they are not beautiful like hers, nor like that pale, timid girl yonder.

"But ask no questions; you will know all in time, and have a full revenge on those who have despised you."

"Now, make haste; he will brook no delay."

Barbara looked round on the tiny chamber with its small couch, its miniature dressing-table and washstand, and the one low chair, that formed its furniture.

But, most of all, her attention was caught by a small ivory crucifix that hung over the table, opposite the bed, with a beautifully carved image of the Savior hanging on the Cross.

She looked again eagerly at the woman, and fancied she could trace an Italian cast of features, even in that strongly marked and prematurely old face.

"You are a foreigner then?" she said.

"Perhaps," she replied; "but that is my concern, not yours—at least just yet, just yet.

"Come, lose no time or you may chance to repent the delay.

"You have to do with one that will not be trifled with."

Barbara saw that she would give no further information at that movement, and she hastened to perform what toilette offices she could in that primitively simple apartment.

She washed her face and hands, arranged her hair quickly, and shook the dust from her habit, while the strange woman stood watching her every moment with her eyes that seemed to take in each feature, each gesture, with the interest of one that strove to recall some past memory, or to imprint each lineament or expression indelibly on her mind.

Once or twice her lips moved, as it to ask some question, and then she changed her mind, and remained silent and motionless, while the girl's rapid toilette was performed.

"Come," she said, as soon as the few arrangements were completed, "you can tell that foolish child that there is nothing to dread.

"She, at least, should be too true to instinct to fear me."

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"She, at least, should be too true to instinct to fear me."

Barbara saw by the speaking eyes questioned the woman as to her meaning, but she saw that any inquiry on that point would be useless, and she followed her back to the room they had left, in the faint hope that Claudia might perhaps win more confidence from the strange woman, should she repent her mysterious hints when alone with her.

"There," said the woman, "your friend can tell you there are neither dungeons nor trap-doors in a cottage of four rooms. Now come, and quickly, for fear your conveyance, and he will not wait."

Claudia leant on the strong arm which supported her, with greater feebleness than the slight accident might have warranted, and a softer look came over the woman's face as she felt the bending form.

She placed her arms round her slender waist, and, with a sudden impulse, bent down, and kissed her pale face.

"Poor child—poor child!" she said, "fear nothing.

"I would lay down my life rather than harm a hair of your head.

"There, lean on me; it's not the first time I've carried you in my arms."

The door closed on them as she spoke; and Barbara was left to meditate on the singular connection that thus appeared to subsist between that strange woman, the man whose memory had been so odious to her, and the beautiful ward—the betrothed of Sidney Ashley.

Could it be that the refined, aristocratic Claudia, was the child of that repulsive-looking woman—the relative of the hateful insulting, unscrupulous man who seemed to claim such familiar equality with herself and her companion?

Barbara was painfully conscious of a strange unaccountable eagerness, that Sidney Ashley should know, ere it was too late, any such drawbacks to the fulfilment of his engagement; and again the blood rose to her cheeks as she asked herself the meaning of such unwonted anxiety for one so able to control and comprehend his own wishes and affections.

As Barbara stood anxiously watching for the return of the young girl whose lot appeared so enviable, and yet so repulsive, if such suspicions were just, a low but distinct moan was heard in the adjoining room; then came a cry, as if in agony, of a woman's voice, in low, wailing tones, between the groans that quickly succeeded each other.

Barbara paused a minute in hesitation, and then darted to the door, opening to the room from which the cries came, and in an instant stood by the bedside of the sufferer.

"Water, water!" groaned the patient. "I am parched, and the pains are darting through me like knives.

"Mercy! mercy!

"I am innocent, indeed I am!

"Oh my child, my child!

"Shall I never see her more?"

Barbara seized a bottle of water that stood on a table near the bed, poured some in a glass, and gently moistened the lips and brow of the sufferer.

"Are you better now?" she asked, gently bending over the pillow, and taking one of the sufferer's hands in hers.

"Does that refresh you?"

It was a wasted yet noble face on which Barbara gazed.

That bore traces of great beauty, in the large dark eyes, the delicately cut nose, the short, proud lip—even now when the revenges of illness and agony contracted each feature, and made the brilliancy of the eyes wildly painful in its hot intensity.

"Who are you?" she said.

"What voice is that?

"Where am I?

"Speak again—speak."

"I am a stranger," said Barbara, gently, "and only here from an accident.

"Have you been long ill?"

The female feebly passed her hand over her eyes, as if to clear the vision, and gazed earnestly at Barbara's face in half-wondering sympathy.

"The eyes," she murmured; "the brows, all—all those of the dead; the injured dead!

"Girl, who are you?

"Barbara Graham is my name," she replied.

"But I cannot recall your face, even in my earliest memories."

The look of consciousness faded from the invalid's eyes, and a hot flush came up again on her brow.

"Oh mercy, mercy," she murmured again.

"If I did wrong, I have been punished. "Oh Edward pardon me!

"My brain burns when you look at me like that.'

Claudia's voice in the other room, calling anxiously on Barbara, made the patient start violently once more, and her eyes glared wildly around.

"I am mad," she said, hoarsely, "or those voices would not haunt me.

"It cannot be, that they should both return to curse me.

"Monica, help—I cannot bear it.

"Send them away.

"See, see! there she stands.

"Help, help!"

With a wailing, agonized cry, she started frantically up, and then sunk back, half senseless, on her pillow.

The woman, Monica, had hastily entered the room, and seized Barbara's arm with a keen but not violent grasp.

"Come away," she said.

"Are you mad, or tired of your young life?

"Can you not see that every minute may be fatal?"

Barbara did not heed her.

She was gazing eagerly on the now pallid still features, and striving to read in them some familiar lineament, some trace of bygone memories that might give a clue to the late strange scene.

But there was nothing in the finely-cut features that recalled one association of early days, albeit there was a something which was not altogether strange to her; but which, for the moment, she could not fix on any especial person.

"Come away," said Monica, once more, in sterner tones, and drawing Barbara forcibly from the bed.

"Are you blind and deaf?

"She, on whom you gaze, has a deadly disease.

"Look at that!"

She drew the coverlet from her throat and arms, and displayed dark purple spots, that conveyed even to Barbara's inexperience a terrible truth.

It must be that malady of which she had often read and even heard—the deadliest form of typhus; and in an instant Stephan's reluctance, his half spoken warnings, were explained to her quick brain.

"Ah, I see you can read the signs," said Monica, with a half-sad, half-bitter smile "It needs little skill to know black fever when it appears.

"Now come; she will not speak again after this paroxysm."

"Hush!" said Barbara, hoarsely, pressing the arm on which she leaned convulsively.

Claudia was standing, supporting herself against the door.

She had followed Monica to the doorway in astonished terror at Barbara's absence, and caught her last words as they observed her entrance.

Barbara sprang to her side, and placed her arm supportingly round her, while Monica closed the door, and aided the young girl in leading the terrible Claudia to the couch.

"Take me away! take me away!

"Oh Barbara, it is dreadful!" she cried, and she shuddered, as if seized with an ague.

"What is dreadful, dearest?

"You are weak and nervous," said Barbara, soothingly.

"There is no danger, but we will go at once.

"I hear some wheels coming," she said, turning to the woman; "we needn't wait longer.

"You can walk now, dear Claudia."

"Yes, yes, anything to get away," replied the shivering girl, to whom terror had given strength, "only make haste out of this place.

"But it is too late—too late!" she added, in a voice of abject terror.

Barbara obeyed in silence.

She felt that it was no time for argument, or even soothing, and Monica made no further opposition to their departure.

Barbara could hardly have believed her own strength capable of supporting Claudia's shivering form, as she dragged her towards the door, which now stood half

open, thus promising a deliverance from their imprisonment.

At that moment Barbara would willingly have compounded for all the fatigue and risk that threatened them in their transit home, for a complete escape from the company of the man who had thus again so strangely crossed her path. But Jonas Bowen was not so easily baulked of his captives.

"Now, my pretty one, you're in a main hurry to get away from good quarters," he cried. "You'd have been in a queer place, let me tell you, if I'd not come to the rescue; and now this is your gratitude."

"Would you have me stay in an atmosphere like that?" said Barbara, glancing towards the room they had just left. "Do you not see she is terrified to death? If you saved her from one danger, you have brought her to another."

"Oh, the fever, you mean," he said carelessly.

"Why, don't you know it's all about the village?

"It came from Whitehaven, where it's raging like the plague, and there are three cases here already.

"What's the good of starting at nothing?

"If you're to have it, you'll have it, you know."

"I am not afraid," said Barbara, scornfully.

"But I am," said Claudia.

"I am dreadfully frightened."

"Then you'll take it," said the man, coolly.

"Folks always do that are scared."

"Silence!" said Barbara, peremptorily.

"Are you a fiend, to alarm her thus?

"It is nonsense, dear Claudia.

"You are young and well, and unlikely to take it.

"See, I am not frightened, and I am in more danger than you."

"You're a plucky one," said the man.

"I'd like to know what would frighten you.

"No I'll be bound you won't take it, whoever does."

Barbara did not reply, except by an impatient gesture towards the low chair that stood at the door.

"Make haste!" she said.

"This unpardonable, useless trifling!"

"That is your opinion, not mine," said the man.

"I have not done with you yet.

"I am going to walk with you, while that petted beauty guides herself in the chair."

"I shall walk by her side," said Barbara, resolutely.

"You will not!" said the man.

"I have something of importance to say to you, and you must hear it.

"She'll be safe enough in her nest there."

He drew the chair with slow, careless gait.

Barbara hesitated, but a moment's thought convinced her that she would do Claudia more real good by watching, and, if possible quickening her companion's progress towards the waiting groom, than by merely keeping her post by the side of the closed window, and she quietly, and with apparent indifference, quickened her pace, till she stood by his side.

"Oh, you thought better of it. You are right," as he saw her at his side.

The man's tone suddenly changed from his usually supercilious sneering manner to one of a more earnest, grave tone, which caught Barbara's attention.

"I will listen to anything you have to say, if spoken in a becoming manner," she said; "but I will not endure sneers and insults such as I have hitherto received from you."

"You may receive something very different from me, if you are wise," said the man. "It depends on yourself whether I restore you, or, rather, whether I raise you to wealth and station and an honored name, which has been long enjoyed by one who has no claim to it."

Barbara's cheek flushed; but a glance at the man's sneering, cold face brought back her former distrust of him and any power that he could pretend to possess.

"If it is rightly mine," she said, "which appears to me an impossibility, you ought to require nothing but a sense of justice to assist me to its possession.

"If not, I would not stir one step to acquire millions unjustly."

"You're a trump," said the man, looking into her calm resolute face.

"Most women would have gone into fits at such a hint, and worried me to death with prayers, and questions, and promises.

"You don't seem to care, Miss Barbara Graham, for anything or anybody."

There was a glance in his eye that went home most disagreeably to the girl's heart; but the consciousness only made her more determined to crush every shade of emotion or self-betrayal from his prying eyes.

"Yes, I do" she said, "I care for honor and truth, and a good conscience, and for real friends, not pretended benefactors."

"Then the pretty princess within there is a real friend, I suppose," said he, "and you wouldn't change places with her on any account?"

Barbara's heart leaped strangely, but she replied: "Certainly not."

"You wouldn't be the future mistress of Ashley Court, and its pretty little income, for nothing, would you, instead of toiling your brains and eyes out for bread?" he continued.

"The idea is too absurd," said Barbara, averting her head, apparently to look at Claudia's half-concealed form.

"It is an idle mockery to ask the question."

"Nay, I have my own reason for asking," he said.

"Would you take Ashley Court and its fair revenue, if they were offered to you by—"

He stopped, and his quick, disagreeable eyes were fixed on her crimson face.

Oh, how Barbara hated herself for the betrayal, still more for the involuntary feelings at which she began to feel terror in her secret heart?

"Oh, I see," said the man, and a covert smile crossed his face.

"Of course, he is a deal too old for you.

"Now, Sir Ernest would be a deal more suitable, wouldn't he now?"

"This is intolerable!" said Barbara, quickening her pace.

"I will call for protection if you continue to offer me such wanton insults."

He laid his hand on her arm, not rudely, but so as to detain her near him.

"You are too hasty, young lady, and judge of what you you know nothing," said he. "I tell you, it was with a purpose that I asked those questions, and your face has answered them, whatever your lips have done.

"Now there's not much time to spare just now, for I can just catch sight of your groom yonder, staring like an idiot, without ever dreaming of striving to see what has become of you.

"Oh, commend me to a true-born flunkey for sticking to his orders, so long as he is safe himself!

"Now listen—I must see you where we shall not be interrupted.

"Will you come to my cottage again, or shall I come to see you in that spicy little home of yours?"

"I cannot," she replied.

"I never wish to see you more."

"Then you would give up all I can offer, for a fancy," said he.

"I thought you had more wit—more pluck than that."

"It is impossible," said Barbara.

"I am not mistress in Mr. Ashley's house, to receive visitors at my pleasure."

"Then you will come to my cottage?" said the man.

"I dare not," she replied.

"I thought you did not fear the fever?" he continued.

"Not for myself," replied Barbara, "but I do for others.

"I would not risk them to obtain a kingdom, even if I believed you could give it.

"Leave me in peace.

"I am happy, and wish for no change."

"You are deceived," he said.

"You will never know that same happiness again after what I have told you.

"However, it rests with yourself.

"If you refuse to hear what I have to tell, I must act without you, and those whom it affects may suffer proportionately for your obstinacy.

"Once more, and for the last time, will you come to my cottage?

"I promise you that no compulsion shall be put on you in any way while you are there."

Barbara hesitated.

She thought of that suffering woman, of the strange emotion she had exhibited at the sound of her voice; the sight of her features was far more powerful with her than any curiosity as to the vague promises of a man whom she hated and detested.

"I will not promise," she said.

"It may be impossible; and if I can, I will come to-morrow, or the next day, in the early morning, when I should be less likely to be missed.

"But my movements are not under my own control, and I can make no positive promise."

"I should think that was an evasion," he said, looking keenly at her, "with most people; but you are too proud for deception, and I will trust you.

"The welfare of some you care for, far more than they deserve, depends on the fulfilment of your engagement.

"And now I leave you to the care of the doughty squire there.

"He would have stood there till his feet froze without dreaming of looking for you.

"Fools! fools! how I hate the whole set of slaves!" he muttered, as he coolly turned away, without attempting to assist Claudia from her temporary carriage, and he was soon lost to sight in the plantation.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"OH, Miss Barbara! I have been so terribly frightened about you," exclaimed Stephen, looking pale enough to prove the truth of the assertion; "but I dared not leave the horses; master sets such store by them; he would never have forgiven me if I had left them.

"But you didn't go to the cottages miss, surely you didn't do that?" he said hurriedly, looking bewildered at Claudia's pale face emerging from the narrow window which had hitherto concealed it.

"Never mind, Stephen," said she, "there's no great harm done, only Miss Claudia has hurt her foot, and I hardly think she can ride home.

"Do you think we could manage to fasten one of the bays to the chaise, and you lead it home?"

"I dare not do it, Miss Barbara," he replied.

"The bays were never in harness in their lives, and they never stand the sound of even a wheelbarrow after them.

"But if Miss Claudia can sit old Bess, I could ride Fanchion, and walk by her side, and keep her safe as if she were on a pillion."

Barbara hurried to the side of the chaise without replying, for Claudia's voice was heard feebly calling her.

"Barbara, don't trouble yourself, nor Stephen," she said, in her old imperious style; "I shall ride home.

"I would die rather than that Mr. Ashley should know of this baseness."

"Dearest Claudia, it is impossible; you could not sit the horse," said Barbara, deprecatingly.

"I tell you I will," said the girl, impetuously.

"I suppose you want Mr. Ashley to know all, and contrast your meek deference to his wishes with my independence, and——"

"Claudia, this from you?" said Barbara.

The tone was so sad, so gently reproachful, yet so free from the self-assertion that her recent services might have well warranted, that Claudia's heart smote her with a sense of the injustice of her taunt; but the pride and latent jealousy which had been rankling in her mind, with a bitterness unacknowledged to herself choked the generous impulse to confess the wrong she had done.

"Well, don't look so shocked!" she said impatiently.

"There is no time for lectures and long speeches just now.

"I am going to ride Fanchion home, and then we shall soon see whether I am right or wrong.

"I never pretend to be as grave and old maidish as you are, but I would never commit a meanness to be the highest peeress in the whole country."

Barbara's heart swelled indignantly at the renewed taunt, but the pale cheeks, only relieved with a deep red spot, the wild, agitated look in the eyes, the unconscious clenching of the small fingers, told her that Claudia's nerves were still too much shaken to allow of reproach or remonstrance; so, without a word of reply, she quietly returned to Stephen, and assisted him in making every possible arrangement for the wilful girl's safety and comfort, with a quickness and fertility of resource that fairly astonished the bewildered youth.

"She's a clever one, if Miss Claudia's a beauty," he inwardly reflected, as he followed her to the chair, and obeyed her brief directions as to the best mode of supporting his young mistress for the few paces between it and the horse that quietly awaited his burden.

The two other steeds had been secured to the rails of the bridge during these preparations, or the matter would have been hopeless; for it was only with the utmost exertion of strength and judgment that the two zealous assistants contrived to place the helpless girl on her horse, with any degree of safety to herself; and even when fairly seated, and the injured limb had been placed in the most easy and safe position, and the languid form supported by additional supports fastened to the saddle, Claudia's look of pale and languid suffering made Barbara doubt the possibility of getting her home without some dreadful catastrophe.

"I can, I can," was her impatient reply to every precaution urged on her, and the two at last set off, with Stephen on one side and Barbara on the other of their charge.

The girl's high spirit prevailed over bodily agony for the time, and after submitting for awhile to the slow pace and subdued motion enjoined by Barbara, she suddenly gave her horse the rein on arriving within sight of Ashley Court, and rode rapidly up the sweep to the hall door, where Sidney Ashley was standing, waiting their return.

He hastened to her side to lift her from her horse ere he had time to notice her pale face and bending form; and, whether intended or not, the result favored Claudia's plans, for as he took her in his arms she fell lifeless and helpless to the ground, the shock only broken by his hurried and imperfect grasp of her form as she slid hopelessly from his arms.

A few moments sufficed to carry her to the warmth and quiet of her own room, under the care of the old housekeeper and Barbara, while Mr. Ashley hastily left the apartment to summon medical aid.

"Dr. Somers is here, sir," was the welcome reply.

"He has not left Mrs. Cowan yet.

"Shall I fetch him, sir?"

Mr. Ashley's answer was given by walking rapidly to his aunt's room.

"What is it—Claudia returned ill?" said Mrs. Cowan, coolly.

"As I expected, nephew.

"I suppose you will believe me some time—perhaps when too late.

"I tell you she has been to the Dell."

"Heaven forbid!" he said, hastily.

He could not bear his aunt's triumphant or pitying gaze just then, and the door closed behind him ere she had time to decide what was the real cause of the horror depicted on his features.

"Poor Sidney! he is infatuated—lost!" she said to herself; "but I will make one more effort to save him."

She wrapped herself in the fur shawl she always had near her, and left the room for the invalid's apartment; but even her prejudice and preconceived plans were suspended on entering the room.

Claudia was just recovering consciousness sufficient to be aware of the agony of her inflamed and swollen foot, while the whole system was too completely prostrate and shaken with mental terror to admit of further mastery.

Her mind wandered back to the ideas most present to them, though her eyes were half opened on the scene around her.

"Take me home," she murmured, "take me home!

"Oh, I did not mean it!

"I love you—you only.

"Don't look at me like that!"

The words were imperfectly spoken, broken, and faintly murmured through her pale lips, and no clue to the person for whom they were intended could be obtained from her half-closed, restless eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

RUSTED BOLTS.—To remove bolts that have rusted in without breaking them, the most effectual remedy known is the liberal application of petroleum. Care must be taken that the rusted parts are reached by it, and some time must be allowed to give it a chance to soften the layer of rust before any attempts are made towards the removal of the bolt.

BRILLIANT SCARLET INKS.—(1) Brazil wood two ounces, stannous chloride, half a drachm; gum arabic, one drachm; boil down in thirty-two ounces of soft water to sixteen ounces, and strain. (2) Dissolve aniline crimson in a sufficient quantity of soft water. (3) Pure carmine twelve grains, aqua-ammonia three fluid ounces; dissolve, then add powdered gum eighteen grains. Half a drachm of powdered drop lake may be substituted for the carmine where cheapness is an object.

WRECKING GUN.—Some engineers of Dundee, Scotland, have tried with success a new wrecking gun for throwing a line to a wrecked vessel. The gun is about two feet long, and has a bore of two and a half inches in diameter, and the cord is coiled in the form of a cup and put inside a steel canister, which is fired out of the gun, leaving the line streaming behind it. Two ounces of gunpowder carried the end of the line at least four hundred yards, and would have taken it further if the line had been any longer.

STEEL AND GOLD.—A beautiful method now practiced in the treatment of polished steel consists in the application of gilding, by means of the ethereal solution of gold. In carrying out this process the plan pursued is to dissolve pure gold in aqua regia, evaporate gently to dryness so as to drive off the superfluous acid, re-dissolve in water, and add three times its bulk of sulphuric ether. On allowing this to stand for some twenty-four hours in a stopped bottle, the ethereal solution of gold will float on the top. The articles of polished steel, on being dipped in this solution, become at once beautifully gilded, and, by tracing patterns on the surface of the metal with any kind of varnish, attractive devices in plain metal and gilt may be produced.

Farm and Garden.

WILLOWS OR LOCUSTS.—To kill willows or locusts cut the bark two feet above the ground, and pull it down to the roots, leaving it hanging to the tree. Do this as early in the dark of the moon in May as the bark will slip. They will never again send out a sprout.

GRAZING.—The grazing of land by a mixed stock of cattle, sheep and horses results in the land being more evenly grazed than where one kind only is kept. Where, however, many sheep are grazed with cattle as they pick out all the finest of the grasses and clovers with their narrow noses, the cattle will not thrive so well. But sheep, on the other hand, eat with avidity and impunity what cattle dislike and generally avoid.

CROPS.—There is just the same expense attached to marketing an inferior crop of fruit that there is in putting a choice crop of fruit in the market. The gathering, packing, hauling, box material, express charges and other expense are just the same on your inferior as on the finer fruits. Your commission man has to devote much more of his time trying to get rid of it, and you usually have to wait longer for returns.

BUDDING AND GRAFTING.—There is quite a difference in the advantages of budding and grafting. The proper time for budding is any time when good buds can be procured and the bark will run on the stocks. Peaches and roses are always budded, but grafting is used on apples, pears, and grapes. Budding is sometimes done in order to change the tops of quite young fruit trees. Dry weather is not favorable to budding, and as a rule budding is not as successful as grafting.

HOGS AND HAY.—Most persons, no doubt, have seen hogs eating hay during the winter months, in but small quantities, it is true, but still eating it. If clover is cut when in fullest bloom, well cured and stored away, the hay becomes a valuable food for hogs, especially when fed but little else than corn. To utilize it, cut it in a cutting-box, a half to three-fourths of an inch long, mixed with bran, shorts or corn meal and moisten it with swill, or even water; if made scalding hot the better. Then let it stand for a few hours before feeding it out.

HOUSE-PLANTS.—For a fertilizer for house-plants and window-boxes, copperas or sulphate of iron is very satisfactory, while it will also kill all insects that infest the soil. Take a tablespoonful of green crystals and dissolve them in a pint of boiling water, and add to it three quarts of cold water. Turn it directly upon the soil, but not on the leaves of the plants, as it will blacken them in spots and spoil them. Apply this once a week, and your roses, fuchsias, heliotropes, geraniums and coleus will grow and bloom luxuriantly, and delight your soul with their beauty and fragrance. It is said that blooming plants in window-boxes attached to the outside of the casements, or in pots on the window-sills, will exclude all flies and mosquitoes from apartments. If this is true, it surely behooves us all to procure window-boxes, or window-gardens, and rid ourselves of insect pests in the house.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

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CONSIDER THE END.

The indulgence of a passionate temper is, perhaps, one of the most unhappy of human vices; because there are so few others which so perpetually play upon the peace and serenity of the mind. This strong, sturdy enemy to human enjoyment, in the vast majority of cases, is left to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, until the ascendency is complete. It progresses in its dominion step by step—every indulgence adds to its power, and every acquisition of power increases its thirst for its indulgence. Yet it cannot be controlled and brought into perfect subjection. He who is not master of himself, no matter what else he is master of, is a slave—and whatever efforts can be adduced by the consideration of liberty, peace, happiness and comparative exemption from a thousand dangers to which passion exposes us in life, should be made to guard ourselves in this particular. Never indulge in passion until you have considered the end.

And it is not only in the faults of temper, but consider well the end in everything you do—the end!—not the immediate results, the momentary gratification, the apparent gain or advantage for the time—but the end of all your course of conduct. Look on into the future until you clearly see it, and not imagine the consequences are to terminate in an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, or even an age. The end—the end is far beyond, in eternity. Few, indeed, are the faults or follies of men which meet with no retribution here; suffering comes with every vice, as its inseparable companion. But the end is not now, and it is the end you should consider.

Again, if something has carried us out of ourselves, and passion caused us to do that which we afterwards regret, we should make haste to forgive and forget. The story is told that Dickens and Douglas Jerrold, the famous writers, at one time had a falling out, which prevented them from speaking to each other for several weeks. It chanced one day that they met in an eating-house, where they moodily sat down back to back. Suddenly Jerrold wheeled round, crying out, "For Heaven's sake, Charley, shake hands! A life's not long enough for this!" Dickens turned as quickly, and grasped his old friend's hand, with "God bless you, Jerrold. If you hadn't spoken, I must!" There is in this incident a lesson that all should take to their hearts.

SANCTUM CHAT.

GIRLS and women employed in Paris shops and cafes as dressmakers and sewing-girls, and as better class attendants and nursery governesses all wear black, just as with us the waiters at hotels and restaurants wear dress coats and white ties.

—

THE refusal of the Archbishop of Paris to allow the body of a man killed in a duel to be taken into any Roman Catholic church, or to let a priest conduct the funeral rites anywhere, is regarded in Paris as an important religious blow at dueling.

—

JUSTICE as administered in the petty courts of England is rigorous, if the offender is poor and friendless. Two reputable laborers stole a handful each of oats from a field to feed their hungry donkey, and a magistrate sent them to prison for two months.

—

STATISTICS have been collected showing that the number of blind persons in Prussia has considerably decreased within ten years, in spite of an increase of ten per cent. in population. The falling off was from 22,978 in 1871 to 22,677 in 1880. It is declared that this improvement is due to the progress of scientific methods in the treatment of children.

—

SOME official statistics have just been issued in France of the suicides that have taken place in fifty years. They show that since 1830 the number of suicides has trebled. In 1830 there were five suicides to every 100,000 inhabitants; in 1850, 10; in 1860, 11; in 1870, 13; in 1880, 15. The total of suicides in the last year reached 6,650, of whom 79 per cent. were men.

—

THE Plymouth, Mass., bell-ringing case has been decided at last. The plaintiffs had for many years owned and occupied houses near a large woolen mill, on which, some time ago, a large bell was placed. This bell was rung several times every day, to summon and dismiss the operatives. The plaintiffs claimed that it was a nuisance, and injured their property and destroyed their comfort. After a long trial the Court has decided that the plaintiffs are entitled to an injunction against the ringing of the bell.

—

THE system of selling goods on instalments, with the proviso that the seller may seize the articles whenever a single payment has been neglected, and that without refunding anything, has received a blow in an English county Court. The Judge described the agreement in common use as most infamous, and ordered a non-suit, declining to hear the plaintiff's solicitor, or to grant a case of appeal.

—

LIBRARIES have their enemies in the shape of worms, mites and beetles, which destroy the bindings and bore through the leaves of books. A case is on record in which a small wood-boring beetle which operated in a neglected library, was found to have perforated twenty-seven folio volumes in a straight line, making a round hole through which a string could be passed and all the books lifted at once.

—

A WOMAN was lately indicted in England for causing the death of her child by denying it adequate nourishment. Investigation showed, however, that the mother had fed the child regularly on corn starch, mixed with a little milk, ignorant of the fact that starch is unable to supply the necessary nutriment to young children. Under these circumstances the woman was, of course, acquitted. It is a lesson which mothers and nurses would do well to remember.

—

A PARIS correspondent writes: "The paper used by French publishers is so bad that every author of reputation has fifty-eight copies printed for his own library and for presentation copies: fifty of them are on hand-made paper, and seven or eight on vellum or china paper. A celebrated author had paper made expressly for himself, and when a work he liked was announced, he would send a sufficient quantity of his paper to the publisher, and have a copy for himself printed upon it."

—

APPLIANCES to secure safety for theatre audiences still engage the attention of inventors. An engineer of Germany has just patented a "penetrable safety wall." The wall is to be made of papier-mache prepared after a patented method. The interior wall in all parts of a theatre from the pit to the galleries is to be made of the paper. Such a wall will have all the appearance of a massive stone wall, but by pressure upon certain parts, where the words are to be painted in luminous letters, "To be broken through in case of fire," access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, whence escape to the outer air can be made.

—

HERE is something in the way of statistics from the *Railway Age*: "Who gets the most out of the railroads, the bloated capitalists who have the impudence to build them, or the down-trodden people who ride on them and ship by them at astonishingly cheap rates, and the vast army of men, women and children they support? Let us see. In round numbers in 1881 the railroads earned $735,300,000. They paid out for working expenses $440,600,000. The interest on their bonds was $128,606,000. They paid their stockholders in dividends $93,300,000. What farmer out of every $100 he receives for his crops pays his laborers $62, the holder of his mortgages $17, puts into the other necessary outlays $9, and keeps only $12 for his capital, labor and risk? Not one." This may be so, but it requires no great ingenuity to see where the fallacy of the argument lies.

—

THE fork has been made the subject of an interesting monogram published in Italy. In the ancient world this aid to eating was unknown, and the fashionable and well-bred sought to display as much delicacy as possible in the operation of conveying food to the mouth with the fingers. It was a thousand years ago when the first mention of forchetta was made in Italian literature, and it was then spoken of as an instrument introduced into Venice by a Byzantine princess. It was at first not favorably received, and for two centuries came little into use, either in Italy or the rest of Europe. No mention of a fork was made in the catalogue of table furniture at the wedding of Maria Sforza Visconti as late as 1493. Still, the fifteenth century saw its use spreading in France, and the sixteenth saw it in Germany. It was not until the seventeenth that it was adopted in England.

—

THE steamer Alaska is indisputably the fastest ship in the world. There is a fine pre-eminence in that. Disputes on this score have been common, but there can be none now; the Alaska is the queen, and will reign until displaced by an authority as good as that which gives the present champion her position. She has just made the passage from New York to Queenstown in 6 days and 15 hours. The fastest previous passage was also made by her, in 6 days and 22 hours, so that she has beaten her own record, which was the best of all, by 7 hours. It is really a wonderful story, and it seems to remove the ultimate possibilities of ocean travel further than ever. If science has reduced the European steam passage from twelve days to nearly six days and a half, why may it not reduce it again to five, four, or three days? Everything seems possible in this era.

—

THE evils of conglomerating property in the hands of an individual are seen at Boughton, Northamptonshire, England. Boughton came into the hands of the Duke of Buccleugh's grandfather through his marriage with the heiress of the Duke of Montague. A vast structure, in the French chateau style, stands in a park containing 800 deer, and is surrounded by sixty miles of grassy avennes planted with trees on either side, by a duke whose passion for this sort of work gained him the name of "The Planter." Within are immense apartments full of splendid portraits, tapestry, after Raphael's cartoons, ceilings by Verrio, costly cabinets, and rich carvings. But notwithstanding this the grand manor is year after year deserted except by an agent, as the Duke finds that his four Scotch and three other English abodes occupy all his time without going to Boughton.

—

CHINA leads civilized countries in finding a use for its ants. Professor Riley, of the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, has received from Han Chow an account of a curious use made of ants in that part of China. It seems that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange trees are injured by certain worms, and to rid themselves of these pests, the inhabitants import ants from the neighboring hills. The hill-people throughout the summer and winter find the nests of two species of ants, red and yellow, suspended from the branches of various trees. "The orange ant-breeders" are provided with pig or goat bladders baited inside with lard. The orifices of these they apply to the entrance of the ant-nests, when the ants enter the bladder and become a remarkable commodity at the orangeries. The trees are colonized by placing the ants on their upper branches, and bamboo rods are stretched between the different trees, so as to give the ants easy access to the whole orchard. This remedy has been in constant use at least since 1640, and probably dates from a much earlier period.

—

THE sanitary instructions sent in pamphlet form to the British army in Egypt say that camps should not be made on ground that has recently been flooded, nor should the surface be dug up more than is absolutely necessary for drainage. If turbid water must be used, it should be allowed to clear itself as much as possible by subsidence, and a teaspoonful of powdered alum added to every ten gallons. The filtering of the water where possible is urged, and any water can be drank if first boiled, and then allowed to cool. Stringent directions are given that in cases of cholera or enteric fever all water is to be boiled before use, and distillation adopted if practicable. In the matter of food, it is advised that all must be thoroughly cooked; that the consumption of vegetables and fruit be encouraged. As to beverages, strong alcoholic drinks are condemned, red wine is permitted, and tea, coffee and cocoa are recommended. It is declared that tea is especially valuable where water is at all doubtful in quality, cold tea, with a little sugar and lime-juice, being an antiscorbutic, and a refreshing drink.

SUNSHINE.

BY A. T. R.

Broad and bright the sunshine
On the terrace lay,
Touching with an equal ray,
In equal gladness to illume
Violet sod and yew tree's gloom,
Yet, within the silent room
Dimly rose the day.

Merrily the sunshine
Caught the upper pane,
But as yet it strove in vain
With its glitter to surprise
The yearning in the lady's eyes,
Who, lonely, 'neath the sweet spring skies,
Fought life's long fret and strain.

Lower crept the sunshine
Down the lattice tall,
Till it saw its radiance fall
All along the silent floor,
Past the heavy, close-shut door,
Through the room that knew no more,
Light step, or cheery call.

The triumphant sunshine,
Flooding all it saw,
Laughed at last her gaze to draw
From where the phantoms of the past
An eternal shadow cast;
And her glances fell at last,
As in breathless awe.

Where the glorious sunshine
Danced, and shone, and glowed,
Where the treasury-picture showed
The tall cross that stood above
All her best of life and love,
And 'mid her bitter sorrow strove
To point the higher road.

"And," said the happy sunshine,
"Oh," weary eyes that mourn,
Oh, heart, from its chief moorings torn,
Look at the joy with which He dowers
The wakening earth and budding flowers;
Trust to the God of sunny hours,
Nor dare in grief's keen scorn,

"To turn away from sunshine;
Nor in the sense of loss,
With reckless hand aside to toss,
The comforting through Nature given,
The trials of our way to Heaven.
See how the brightest gleam from Heaven
Clings longest round the cross."

Checkmated.

BY FLORENCE MEURER.

MABLE DERRING stood leaning sadly over the low white gate.

To-day her father had been laid in the grassy old churchyard, leaving her friendless and homeless.

Her father's long illness had completely exhausted their resources, and at his death, Mable's slender purse was only sufficient to pay the last sad rites for the dead.

The next day, with beating heart, Mable ascended the steps and rang the bell at Glenwood.

A pompous servant ushered her into a pretty little morning-room, where a gentleman and two ladies were sitting.

Dr. Stanley, the owner of Glenwood, was a bachelor of about thirty, tall, grave, and dignified.

His aunt, a widowed lady, had charge of his house.

The doctor rose as Mable entered, and walked to the opposite side of the room, so as not to embarrass her with his presence.

Mrs. Stanley put up her eye-glass, and surveyed the orphan coldly, while Grace, a rather pretty but haughty-looking girl, stared at her supercilliously.

"You are too young," objected Mrs. Stanley.

Mabel's lips quivered.

"But I am well educated, and will try, oh, so hard, to do as you wish," she said, entreatingly.

Dr. Stanley had been watching the sad-faced, black-robed figure, over his paper, with pity and interest.

He called to his aunt.

After a long conversation with him she came back with a look of annoyance on her face.

"I am very particular about a governess for my children," she said.

"I wish one that understands French and German perfectly.

"I understand both languages quite well.

"My father was a fine scholar, and taught me himself."

She took the book and correctly read and translated the passages Mrs. Stanley pointed out.

That lady frowned.

"Music?" she said briefly.

Mable seated herself at the piano, and played with a skill and brilliancy that only perfect understanding and thorough practice can acquire.

Mrs. Stanley was in despair; she had nothing else to object to.

But she had no inclination to have a pretty, gentle young girl in the house with Dr. Stanley until Grace became his wife—if she could only bring about that occurrence.

"Well," she said, slowly ignoring Grace's discontented, frowning face, "I will take you on a month's trial.

"If you prove inefficient at the end of that time, which I have no doubt you will, I can make other arrangements."

Poor Mable!

"I will send a servant for your boxes," said Mrs. Stanley, "and you will begin your duties at once.

"I don't wish the children to be out of school any longer."

Mabel followed the servant up the stairs to a retired, plainly-furnished, but pleasant room.

She threw herself into a low chair by the open window, and buried her face in her hands, while burning tears streamed through her fingers.

"Oh, papa," she moaned, "why did you not take me with you?

"No one cares for me now.

"If I could only die and be at rest!"

* * * * * *

Several months had passed since Mable came to Glenwood as governess.

At first Mable found her duties perfect torture.

At night she would throw herself across the bed, quivering with pain, and press her hands tightly to her throbbing temples.

She was becoming more accustomed to it now, but it was telling visibly on her delicate constitution.

Mrs. Stanley was harsh and exacting, and Grace rendered her life unpleasant by a thousand little words and innuendoes that deeply wounded her sensitive nature.

Dr. Stanley was the only friend that brightened Mable's cheerless life.

Stern and grave with others, he was tender and gentle with her, and, unconsciously to herself, her heart had gone out to the tall, strong man for whom another was so intensely striving.

It was a sultry summer evening.

Mable was seated in the rose arbor, reading, when Mrs. Stanley and her daughters, Grace and May, approached.

"I do think you are just frightful in that horrid black, Miss Derring," said May, with the frankness of twelve years.

"I wonder if I can't make you look better."

She had some white and pink roses in her hand, and going to Mable's side she twined them in her dark, waving hair, and fastened a spray at the slender throat.

"Oh, Miss Derring," she said, clasping her hands, "you look lovely."

Grace laughed scornfully.

"What a paragon of beauty Miss Derring is.

"What a pity some fairy prince don't come along.

"I dare say he would——"

Mrs. Stanley touched her warningly on the arm, and she checked herself just as the doctor came up.

Mable's eyes deepened and darkened, and she looked, as May expressed it, "just lovely."

Dr. Stanley's eyes lingered on her face with an admiration that did not escape Grace.

"It is all May's fault," she thought, with a blind rage; "it is the flowers that make her look so pretty."

"What was it you were saying about a fairy prince, Grace?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, nothing," replied Grace, fanning herself violently.

"How very warm it is. Don't you think, so, cousin Guy?"

"Extremely," said the doctor, seating himself by Mable, and fanning her as well as himself with his broad straw hat.

May, who had rushed off as the doctor approached, now appeared, with her apron full of floral treasures.

"Ain't they beauties, cousin Guy?" she said, emptying them into his lap.

The doctor selected some fragrant tube-roses, waxen lilies, and starry jasmine, and placed them in Mable's hand.

Mrs. Stanley frowned.

"I want to see you on a business matter, Guy; will you come now?"

The doctor rose reluctantly, and followed her away.

As soon as they disappeared, Grace darted forward, and snatching the flowers from Mable's hand, threw them to the ground and crushed them under her foot.

"Mable Derring, she said in a loud tone, "you artful, designing girl!

"How dare you?"

Intense surprise kept Mabel silent for a moment.

She then rose to her feet, drew her tall form to its utmost height, and lifted her small head proudly.

"Miss Stanley," she began, when a heavy hand was laid on Grace's shoulder, and Dr. Stanley, white with anger, asked—

"Grace, how dare you address such words to Miss Derring?"

Grace uttered a frightened cry, and breaking from the doctor's hand, fled to the house.

A very sudden reaction took place with Mable.

She turned deadly pale, and caught against the arbor for support.

Dr. Stanley came forward quickly, and took her hands in a warm, strong clasp.

"What is the meaning of this, Miss Derring?"

"It means, Doctor Stanley," she said, controlling her voice with an effort, "that I leave here immediately.

"And where will you go, Mable?"

Mable's lips quivered, and the tears swelled through her dark lashes as she thought of her friendless condition.

"I do not know, Doctor Stanley," she said sadly.

"Heaven will take care of me."

The doctor was deeply touched.

"My little Mable," he whispered tenderly "come to me."

Mable uttered a startled cry.

"Doctor Stanley, you do not mean it?"

"Indeed I do," said the doctor earnestly.

"Why, Mable, my darling, I have loved you since I first saw your sweet sad face. Will you love me, Mable? Will you give me the right to protect you?"

Mabel raised her tearful eyes to his sad face.

She saw the tenderest love shining in his splendid eyes, and with a sigh of rest and contentment, she laid her head on his bosom.

When they returned to the house Mrs. Stanley was standing on the verandah with a white face and angry eyes.

Dr. Stanley led Mable up the steps.

"Aunt Clara," he said, "let me present to you my betrothed wife."

Mrs. Stanley laughed shrilly.

"Have you permitted that artful girl to entrap you in that manner, Guy? I thought you had better sense."

Dr Stanley crimsoned.

"You forgot yourself, aunt Clara," he said sternly.

"Mable is my betrothed wife, and must be treated as such."

He conducted Mable into the house, and came back to where his aunt was standing.

"Aunt Clara," he said, "it pains me to say this to you, but your own actions have rendered it necessary.

"It is impossible for you to remain here longer.

"You and Grace have made Mable's life perfect torture ever since she has been here. Now, as I have the right to protect her I cannot permit it to continue."

Several days later Mrs. Stanley and her family drove way.

There were tears of rage in her eyes and Grace's as they took a last look at beautiful Glenwood, which they had striven so hard for and failed to obtain.

* * * * * *

On a soft golden October day, Mable, in trailing robes of silver grey, entered the old moss-grown church, and in the solemn stillness was pronounced the wife of Guy Stanley.

In his devoted love the troubles and trials that once darkened her young life were only remembered as far-away dreams of the past.

The Tide of Life.

BY HAROLD I. HOSSITER.

I WAS but a poor mechanic in those days—a locksmith by trade—industrious, zealous, and in love, as many a good fellow before me has been, and will be again, I hope.

But marriage was a thing of the future and each time it came nearer it seemed to slip ahead again, and leave poor Emily and me as far from being together as ever, and with fainting hope each time.

I had a mother and invalid sister to support, and somehow or other locks wouldn't get out of repair, or need replacing in sufficient numbers to enable me to add a little wife to my list of womankind.

Emily was a clever little seamstress, and slowly but steadily went on earning her wedding outfit, saying cheerily—

"Remember the tide in every man's life, John.

"Some day you'll take it at its full, and fortune will follow."

Bless the patient little woman, she did predict the truth!

An order came one day for the repair of a trunk-lock in a distant part of the town.

I wondered a little, as with my bag of tools I has.ened to obey the direction, that I had been sent for—such a distance from the place—and whether there were no locksmiths in that neighborhood.

By an odd chance, Emily's words came into my mind.

Was my tide about to turn?

I found the house, a small plain cottage, with nothing about it indicative of magic power, but rather suggesting that the inmates were waiting, as well as John Rhodes, for the way to fortune.

A sweet-faced girl, refined and well-bred, admitted me, and with a smile led the way at once to the work she wished done.

It was in the front bedroom, a well-worn trunk that had seen its best days, and was rather rickety about the hinges and lock.

I set about the repairs at once, as the young lady's manner indicated haste, and while busily employed thought how much better this little five-roomed house would suit Emily and me than the evidently superior condition of the fair girl I was working for.

In an arm-chair by the window sat an elderly lady, who seemed to watch my work with gentle curiosity, and beside her sat the young girl, speaking in a low tone, as if pleading.

"You work hard, sir," said the lady kindly.

"Yes, ma'am, from sunrise to sunset," I answered, filing away at the old lock.

"My mother has great sympathy for workers," laughed the young girl, patting the elder lady's pretty hand, "and thinks I am to be pitied because I belong to the hive of human bees."

I looked at her.

She couldn't do hard work, I thought, with those slim fingers and rosy cheeks—music, or teaching perhaps at the most.

"Never mind, mother dear, my tide will turn one day," she laughed again, as I finished my small job and arose, "and then what a fortune it will lead on to."

She was like my Emily, cheering herself with bits of pretty sayings, gotten out of books, and it made me feel kindly towards her, as if I would like to serve her.

My chance came, strange to say, before long.

As she paid me my due, which I made purposely small for the sake of Emily's cheery words, she asked quickly—

"Would a lot of odd keys be of service to you?

"We have such a big bunch that it is only in the way, and we would thank you to take them."

It suited me very well, as I could work them over and save on them, so I took them gratefully as she held them up, jingling, in a big heap.

"Ah," she said, half-sadly, "if only we had now the closets, and wardrobes, and all the locks those keys once fitted, how quickly would our cares fade away.

"'Tis hard, very hard to be so poor, when our loved ones suffer."

I could not answer, for she did not seem to speak to me, but I felt still more willing to help her.

She let me out at the door kindly.

"I am glad I went by your shop by chance, and decided to give you the job, for I think you look conscientious.

"Good-bye."

I went home, thoughtfully pondering over this new experience.

Was the tide coming in?

As I hung up the tool-bag on its peg, I remembered the keys the young lady had given me, and took them out to see if I could fit them to some locks then waiting keys.

As I took up the bunch, one key struck my notice.

The like I had never before seen, and I knew it was never wrought by locksmith in this country, but came no doubt from strange lands where they needed such curious things to hide strange doings.

It was a flat piece of steel about two inches long, and had four slits in the square end, two each side.

I wondered what use it had ever served, and if it belonged to the young lady's happier days; but, being a slow-thinking man, and little given to romance, I hung up the key-bunch and went to work at my locks, thinking no more of the strange key, or the inmates of the cottage.

But the next day I was made to recall them by a strange coincidence.

I was sent for to come at once to a house in a fashionable locality, and, on presenting myself at the front door, found it to belong to an elegant mansion, but with an air of solitude about it, as the windows were all tightly closed, save on the second floor.

A servant admitted me, and without a word led me up-stairs to the second-story front room.

He rapped loudly.

"The locksmith, madam."

The door opened, I entered; the man went downstairs, and I was left with a sudden nervousness to find out my business in this silent place.

A tall dark woman, richly dressed, with wild black eyes, was walking up and down the room, as if angry; or, as I looked closer at her, as if excited by terrible fear or anxiety.

She turned on me sharply.

"Have you ever seen me before?" she demanded, pausing by a table.

Then my slow mind placed her at once.

"Yes, at a hotel some two years ago," I answered, in astonishment.

"You were sent for then to open a box?"

"Yes, ma'am, and couldn't."

"You are sent for now to do the same thing," she cried out fiercely, "and you must do it!

"I can trust no other smith with the mystery—you look trustworthy."

A second time I was receiving a compliment for my plain face, and give credit where it's due, to my mother's honest, straightforward training.

I picked up the box, remembering it then very well, also the long hour I worked at fitting keys to its singular lock without success, while the dark woman walked the floor, then as now, with savage haste.

I mechanically drew out my keys, and they fell with a crash to the floor, for the first one I looked at was the strange key I had got from the young lady, and in a moment I knew that it belonged to this square metal box!

And I knew further, by instinct, that a great wrong had been done through this strange key and its mystery, and that it had fallen to my lot to right it.

I heard the tide coming in now, full and fast.

I bent down to pick up the keys, and like a flash the young girl's words came into my mind—

"Ah, if only we had now the locks these keys once fitted, how quickly would our cares fade away;"

And I held there in my hand one lock that her key fitted, and I mentally resolved that it should be restored to her.

But how?

I secreted the steel key in my palm, as I held up the bunch to say—

"I need a piece of steel.

"You see these will not answer with slits in the square end, to open this box——"

She interrupted with a quick, impatient gesture.

"Yes, yes!" she cried brokenly; "that is like the lost key!

"Oh, if it had been mine long ago!"

She began her walk again.

A thought came into my mind.

I was determined not to lose sight of the box, and to struggle for it if necessary.

"Will you let your man go to my shop for what I need?" I asked, half fearing she would order me to go instead.

"Yes, yes!" she cried quickly.

"I will go down and tell him," I said, not wishing to let her know what I meant to do.

Hastily writing a few lines in the hall below, and wrapping the key securely in the paper, I gave the man his mistress's order to carry it to its address.

And then I went back to the dark woman, and sat down by the box and waited.

She never ceased to pace the floor, and now and then raised her hands with a terrible gesture.

I thought she was weeping.

At last she came to the table.

"What do you think is in that box?" she said.

And a wistful sound came in her voice, as if she felt confidence in me and wished to hear me speak.

I felt a sudden courage.

The young girl's voice was in my ears and made me brave.

"Something that does not belong to you," I said.

"How do you know?" she fiercely cried.

The front door suddenly opened:

"Your anxiety tells me, and—because I have the key, which you never owned.

"That box has been stolen, ma'am."

There were steps on the stairs, but more than one person's!

I did not expect my answer to come thus, but in that and all that followed I no more had a part.

"I did not steal it!" came with a shriek from the dark woman as the door opened, and the servant ushered in the young girl and her mother.

Then another cry rang out sharply—

"Sister!"

"Zoe!

"At last!"

The young girl drew near me as her mother went up to the dark woman, and caught her hands, and handed me the key.

I drew the box toward me.

The dark woman rushed toward the table and raised her hand.

"I call Heaven to witness that, until two years ago, when my husband died, I did not know that he had stolen the box said to contain my father's last will, and truly thought myself his heiress."

She paused a moment in pain, clutching her breast.

"I married a gambler, as you know, but you do not know that I caught his terrible fever, and that my only happiness since his death has been found at the card-table.

"I found the box two years ago, but not the key.

"I feared to know its contents, lest it should rob me of the means of prolonging my madness.

"But at last conscience stung too deeply, when I found out how poor you were who should have shared our father's wealth, and from which my husband drove you, and resolved to know the truth at last. Open that box, sir, as by a strange chance it is your fate to do!"

I obeyed.

The curious key slipped in easily, and the lid fell back.

The dark woman raised a folded paper from the inside.

Slowly she looked at the young girl, who regarded her with pitying eyes.

Then at her sister, who was weeping bitterly.

"I see you both still love me," she said mournfully, "and that my wild, chequered life still holds your pity.

"Heaven forgive the wrong done you!"

She read aloud the paper.

It shared a great fortune between the two sisters, instead of leaving it all to one.

I arose to go, feeling that I had no more to do here, but the young girl caught my hand, and said—

"We owe it all to you!

"We must thank you with more than words.

"Until your note came, asking if the lock that key fitted was of service to us, we did not know it was on the bunch I gave you.

"So long we had had the key, which grandfather gave me before dying, and no box to open with it, that we grew careless of it, and by chance it got on that bunch."

The sisters were talking and weeping together, and the one was pleading to save the other from her terrible infatuation.

But as my story is true, I cannot say she succeeded, for the lonely house, the silent servant, and the dark, fierce woman are still the mystery of the neighborhood.

But the tide led on to fortune for both my Emily and the young girl who cheered their hearts with the quotation, for my wife and I now live in the cottage where I first met the brave girl who so well deserved her good luck.

She comes to us often, and again and again makes me tell the story of my discovering the key to the mystery.

The dark woman still burns her life out with the fierce fever of gambling.

CIVILIZING THE SAVAGE.—Sir George Simpson tells us that he took "Spokane Garry," a Columbia River Chief's son, educated him in England, and sent him home. But all that he preserved of his exotic civilization was the art of playing cards and manufacturing them out of bits of cedar bark. Hole-in-the-Day, the Sioux Chief, was so civilized that he lived in a brick house in St. Paul's, drove a trotting horse, and was made a citizen of Minnesota by special act of the Legislature. Yet "H. Day, Esq.," as he was officially styled, proved the leader of the massacres a few years later, and one of the most ruthless of the fiends, who desolated the frontier.

A MAN has been arrested at Longview, Texas, for a murder committed thirty years ago.

Making Amends.

BY FLORENCE MEURER.

I AM strangely jealous of you, little Hilda.

"When I look at you while you are speaking to or dancing with others, I cannot thoroughly believe that you are my very own—that I have your promise to marry me—that you love me.

"Say that you do love me, my sweet?"

"I do love you, my sweet," murmured Hilda, in the meek tone of one repeating a lesson; and then, laughing low, she gave him a mischievous flash out of those too-lovely eyes.

"Now you are teasing me!

"Hilda, is it true what you have told me, that I am your first—your only——"

"Spoons?

"Yes, my first and only," she laughed again.

"How you enjoy making me miserable!

"I believe it is unalloyed triumph to you to see me jealous——"

"Of whom are you jealous, Max?—the kitten, the dog, or aunt Hildebrandt?

"They are the only creatures I pet, except you."

"Oh, but this great house full of people—every one of the idle fellows around here admires you."

"Shall I wear a card—'Do not admire me'?

"I did not know you were so silly when I promised to have you, or I should have thought twice about it.

"Because you were tall and broad-shouldered, and had a grand manner, I took you to be awfully wise and dignified, and above every weakness."

And she glanced up into his handsome, passionate face with mock gravity.

It was twilight on the smooth beach, so that none of the dozens promenading back and forth to the distant music of the band noticed how the lover's arm slipped about the girl's waist as they sat on one of the benches; but the fire in his dark eyes made a light of itself to show her how his soul was moved as he bent nearer and said more earnestly—

"Is it true that I am the only man you have ever loved?"

"I never told you that, Max," she answered demurely, looking away from him at the inrolling sea.

"I don't wish to deceive you in anything, if I am to marry you, and I did once love a man even more than I love you, I am afraid."

"Is that man dead?"

"No, Heaven forbid!" she answered gravely.

"Then you love him yet?

"I hear it in your voice—see it in your face!" cried Max, under his breath, turning pale.

"Perhaps I do, but not so much as I now love you, Max.

"Nothing on earth could have made me marry the other person—and am I not hurrying up the dressmakers in order to marry you the first day of September?"

She had a delicious laugh, and a more delicious face, fresh as a child's; her blue eyes and sweet mouth were provokingly teasing as she looked up at him.

But Max Elliot's features were set and stern.

"Will you tell me his name?"

"Some day, Max, but at present I dare not."

And she sighed, while her bright, careless expression changed to one of trouble.

It was not the first time in the last week that Max had observed this look of sadness and perplexity in the lovely face of his betrothed.

It had puzzled him before.

Now, after her admission, it roused a storm of warring passions in his heart.

What trouble could Hilda have?

Hilda, the pet and heiress of her rich old aunt, Hilda, whose parents had died when she was an infant, leaving her to this relative, who indulged her every whim, worshipped even her faults, delighted to see her happier and prettier, and more beautifully dressed than any other young girl, no matter where they went.

What care or grief could Hilda Hildebrandt have to bring that far-away wistful look to her eyes—that droop to her rosebud lips?

"None, except that she regrets her promise to me," thought Max, the very blood chilling in his veins; for he was proud and passionate, and he loved this little girl more than all else in the world.

He could not speak a word as he gazed sternly at her.

She seemed unconscious of his suspicions, his almost angry regret.

Her own thoughts were not on him just then.

Both started out of a deep reverie when Mrs. Hildebrandt's maid came up and spoke to them.

"Madame says it's too damp out here without a wrap, Miss Hilda; and the dancing's begun in the dining-room, if you'd like to join the others there."

"I am a little chilly," said Hilda, rising, "and I think, Max, one of those lovely *deux temps* waltzes—with you—will be just the thing to prevent my taking cold.

"Come!" with that pretty little tyrannous air with which she sometimes treated him.

The shadow had gone from her sparkling face as he obeyed her, and moved slowly back to the great illuminated house, her little clinging hand resting tenderly on his arm.

They had their waltz together.

After which others pressed about Miss Hildebrandt, begging the favor of a dance, and she was swept away from Max immediately.

He was proud of her—of her beauty, her popularity, which indeed was so great that he could scarcely help being jealous as well as proud.

This night he was almost unhappy.

Could she have been only teasing him, or was she in earnest?

It would be too terrible to believe her in earnest—and, still, his longing gaze swept about the impromptu ball-room in search of her little figure, her sunny head, her dazzling smile—swept searchingly about—only to find that she had disappeared.

"She has quitted the room for a moment only," he said to himself; "she has not said 'good-night' to me."

Half an hour dragged on, yet Hilda did not return.

Max, more restless than he could account for, strolled out on the long verandah—she was not there; through the crowded rooms—she was nowhere to be seen!

"She has gone to her room for the night, without bidding me 'good-bye,'" he whispered to himself.

"Well, she has destroyed my chances of sleep pretty effectually."

He was miserable.

The moan of the sea on the beach drew him back to the shore.

It was late, and the gay promenaders had vanished.

Only a solitary couple stood there, close to the in-sweeping water; motionless, their eyes fixed on the great yellow waning moon just struggling up out of the far off shimmering brine.

Hand in hand they stood there, and the lady's head was on the young man's shoulder.

Max Elliot drew silently very near.

There was something in the outline of the girl's slim figure which he recognized with a fierce thrill of pain.

Honor nor pride could prevent him now from settling this wild doubt that was making him mad.

"Darling," said the strange young man, in a low pathetic voice, "I thank you a thousand times for this proof of your love.

"I was afraid this Max, as you call him, would make you forget me entirely; but sweet, you are kinder and truer to me than ever;" and he pressed his lips on her white brow.

"If you will do this one thing for me, I shall know then, to a certainty, that you trust me entirely—that you do not believe those cruel enemies of mine.

"I know that it is much—too much to ask; but you are brave, and generous, and true; you will not think of yourself—of what others may say of your conduct; you will judge for yourself if it be right, and you will act as your heart dictates.

"Dear Hilda, I beg, I pray you, go with me to-night!

"There is a farmhouse where I have been hiding for a week.

"We can stay there to-night, and in the morning take a train for the south.

"Will you, my dar'ling?

"It is the last sacrifice I shall ask of you."

"If I might only tell Max——"

"No; it is far better not to hint to him of our purpose.

"Say, will you come now? Will you trust me entirely?"

A moment's intense silence, through which throbs the pulses of the sea, and then Hilda's voice murmurs—

"For your sake, Jack, I will even do this."

"You must get some sort of a bonnet and cloak, dear. I will wait; but do not be long."

Then the couple turn, and Hilda gives a faint cry as she sees Max Elliot standing there within sound of every word.

She holds up her little white white hands, and gasps out—

"Max, dear Max!"

But he puts her roughly away from him, hissing a word that pierces her breast like steel.

"Go your way," he says, scornfully.

"But I will settle my share of this affair with the man you love better than you do me."

The next instant Max Elliot has struck the stranger on the cheek, and a struggle has begun, there on the edge of the sea, with the young moon glistening on the wet sands—a fierce struggle, brief as fierce, which ends in the stranger being flung senseless at the girl's feet, while Max strides away without a look at her he was to have called his wife next month.

Oh, what a night that was he passed, of raging anger, and heart-breaking misery!

Hour after hour he tramped the heavy sands, to creep back to the house at daybreak, to pack his trunk for immediate departure.

Where should he go?

The wide world was no longer wide enough to place between himself and Hilda Hildebrandt.

* * * * * *

It was a wide world, however.

Max grew tired of flying over the face of it, seeking what he could not find—forgetfulness.

Through the dull wintry sea, under leaden clouds, the steamship ploughed her way which brought him home.

A dark, gloomy, dissatisfied personage he looked, even after the barber and the tailor and the hotel-keeper had done their best with him.

In the character of misanthrope he went to dine with a former friend, at her urgent request—a lady who knew everybody and was likely to give him more information than he desired; he arrived early, and she boldly introduced the subject on her mind.

"Did you know Hilda Hildebandt had run away?"

"Oh, I dare say."

"With a poor young man."

"I am sorry for him."

"And her aunt has disinherited her."

"I have not heard that."

"Yes, she has cut her off entirely—the old lady was always prejudiced against him, though he seems never to have done anything very bad; and now the two have settled down together to get their own living.

"You know poor, pretty, petted Hilda never even put up her own hair or buttoned her own dresses, and now she gives painting lessons while he keeps books.

"They have two cheap rooms, and she gets breakfast and tea.

"I called to see her the other day, and I do declare she looked lovelier than ever.

"I took the liberty, as an old friend, of advising her to make friends with her aunt; but I fear she will cling to that wild brother of hers until they starve to death together."

"Brother!" echoed Max, speaking like one in a dream.

"Yes.

"Is it possible you never heard of Hilda's brother?

"The old lady adopted them both at their parents' death; but she only gave her affection to the girl, she never cared for poor Jack, who, in truth, was a little indolent, and who, at last, tempted by the pressure of some naughty debts he had made, was thought to have forged a check and drawn five thousand dollars in his aunt's name.

"She accused him of it, threatened him with arrest if he ever appeared in London again, and forbid Hilda mentioning his name.

"Jack always declared that he never drew that money, and his sister believed him; and now, would you believe it, a clerk has been found guilty of embezzlement in that very bank, and has confessed to having forged that check in such a manner that Mrs. Hildebrandt would be certain to suspect her nephew.

"It does seem now, as if the old lady ought to make the *amende honorable* to poor Jack.

"I'm devoured with curiosity to hear if she has been to see them; I think I'll run round there to-morrow."

"I think I'll run round there to-night, if you'll excuse me from dinner, and give me their address," spoke Max, rising to his feet.

"I only hope it is not too late for me to make the *amende honorable*.

"I've treated Hilda horribly, my friend; yet I love her beyond power of words to tell!"

His eyes sparkled, his face flushed as he hurried toward the door muttering—

"And I knocked him down—Hilda's brother?

"It is impossible she can forgive me, quite impossible!

"But I only desire one thing, now, and that is to ask Hilda's pardon.

"If I don't win it I shall blow my brains out."

As Max Elliot has not yet blown out his brains, it is fair to infer that he succeeded in getting forgiven by one of the purest and truest and tenderest of little girls.

Whether her brother has forgiven him for "punching his head" is another question; but the two seem to be very good friends nowadays; and a handsome pair they make as they saunter along in one another's well-beloved company.

THE SHREW.—The term "shrew" is supposed to be derived from the German "schreien," to clamor, or cry out, and a full definition of the word in English is given in Shakspeare's play of "The Taming of the Shrew." But perhaps the most exact word to express this feminine error is a "scold," which (showing that even our remote forefathers were not exempt) comes from the Anglo-Saxon. Blackstone says, "A common scold," for our Latin confines it to the feminine gender, "is a public nuisance to her neighborhood," and so they undoubtedly were if they were anything like the lady in a little poem published about a hundred years since called "The Scold," who thus describes herself:

"The instant that I ope my eyes,
Adieu all day to silence;
Before my neighbors they can rise,
They hear my tongue a mile hence!

"When at the board I take my seat,
'Tis one continual riot;
I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
My clack is never quiet.

* * * * *

"But when to bed I go at night,
I surely fall a weeping;
For then I lose my great delight—
How can I scold when sleeping?

"But this my pain doth mitigate,
And soon disperses sorrow,
Altho' to-night it be too late
I'll pay it off to-morrow."

AN animal which escaped from some show is worrying the people of a western county. They don't know what it is, but it is evidently one of Darwin's missing lynx. The Zebra brays, but the question is what does zebra for? The otter bites pretty hard in a fight with a dog, and he feels then he otter do it. I saw a beautiful horned dog yesterday: he was horned by a horned cow. The leopard is spotted; it is supposed it was spotted by the police. The L. P. Ant is the largest of the ant species. Owlet sound to say that the beaver is pretty docile when it is on your head?

But One Word.

BY HAROLD I. ROSSITER.

"THERE! I think that's pretty enough for anybody."

And Lettie McClain stepped back from the bed and took a look at her work. Having just looped the last bow on the bewitching dress of black silk and grenadine, with its rose-colored vest and loops and bows, which she intended to wear at the fancy fair, a few days later.

Lettie was "pretty enough for anybody" herself, if she had only known it, as she stood with her fluffy hair tossed back, her bright dark eyes sparkling, and the color burning as crimson as her ribbons, in her clear dark cheek and sweet lips.

"I believe it is just as well made as the dressmaker could have done, and quite a sovereign saved by it, too!" she said, delighted with her work.

"Now, if papa will only give me the money I have left to pay, and I can get a lace parasol, lined with rose-color to match my dress and hat, why—I'll be pretty, tasty, that's all.

"They've got some lovely lace parasols at Glenn's; I'll go down there at noon—if papa comes home to dinner, and see what I can do."

She heard her father's step in the hall, and went down, three steps at a time to see that dinner was just as he liked it.

For Lettie was her father's housekeeper, and had learned, even at nineteen years old, that the road to masculine favor very often lies through a good dinner.

Mr. McClain was not a rich man, and it was often owing more to Lettie's good taste and deft fingers than to the things she bought, that she always looked so nicely and stylishly dressed.

But she was always sure of means when he was able to afford it, so when she told him she would need a little more money, he took out his purse, and handed her ten dollars.

"Will that do?" said he.

"Oh yes, papa!

"Ever so many thanks!

"That will get a parasol, and leave enough for gloves and fan, too."

"Well, make much of it, pet, for besides the housekeeping money, it is really all I can spare you this month."

"I'll make it do, papa, and I'm much obliged, too."

"Then put an extra lump of sugar in my coffee, will you? It isn't quite sweet enough."

"Oh, didn't I fix it right?

"Here is the sugar-bowl—just help yourself, pet."

The coffee was soon right, and as Lettie had a trusty girl in the kitchen, she did not wait after dinner, but ran upstairs immediately to put on her neat walking suit.

And she was soon tripping down the street, as bright and sweet a little maid as ever went after a lace parasol, with ten dollars in her pocket.

On the way she passed a tall fine-looking gentleman, who raised his hat, and seemed much pleased to meet such a fair vision.

And the pink in Lettie's cheeks deepened, and the girlish heart in her bosom fluttered faster as she walked on, for Dr. Richings was—well, a very good friend—and might be more some day.

If it wasn't for that rich haughty Bell Tracy, with her sweeping robes and costly jewels, Lettie almost knew he would like her.

She was aware that his taste was almost faultless, and she hoped much from the pretty costume she meant to wear.

She met Bell Tracy just coming out of Glenn's, and answered with a good deal of self-possession the somewhat haughty stare and bow with which that young lady greeted her.

She spoke herself, as she passed up the shop, to a young lady simply dressed in mourning, who was standing at the counter looking at some goods.

"Poor Ida Martin," she thought.

"I wonder if she and her mother manage to keep soul and body together with their needles?

"Lace parasols, please."

This last to the smiling shopman who came to wait upon her, for Lettie was very well known in the village, and might have been quite [illegible]

The pretty parasols [illegible] with [illegible] were set to rights upon the counter before her, and Lettie [illegible] in choosing one that she did not see that Dr. Richings had entered the store, and stood at the glove counter just below her.

"Oh, this one is lovely!

"And a perfect match for my suit," she said, taking up one of the most delicate lace, over [illegible] the very shade of her ribbons, and the handle of coral curiously carved.

"What is the price?"

"Five dollars, Miss McClain, the very cheapest article in the house."

"I don't suppose you could buy anything like it for that price in the whole town.

"Will you take this one?

The shopman was his most inviting smile, and spoke in the blandest of tones, and Lettie was about to say

"Yes, I will have this one," when she chanced to hear a low word to Miss Martin, who was examining a piece of black goods, and speaking to the proprietor of the store close beside her.

"I should like very much to take twelve yards of this," said Ida, "but I could not pay for it just yet.

"Could you let me owe it for a week?"

The proprietor's tone and countenance both changed.

"Against our rules," he said, shaking his head.

"Cash sales and small profits is our motto.

"Couldn't do it, miss."

"Then I cannot take the dress," said Miss Martin in a disappointed tone.

She turned away, and Lettie saw that her eyes were full of tears.

Indignant at Mr. Glenn's want of courtesy and kindness—for he was wealthy and could well afford it—Lettie flashed a glance at him, and laid down the parasol she held.

Being well acquainted with him, she spoke at once—

"Did Miss Martin wish a dress for herself, Mr. Glenn?"

"Yes, Miss Lettie."

"Then why didn't you let her have it?" cried Lettie indignantly.

Mr. Glenn smiled.

"No profit in such sales, Miss Lettie.

"Those parasols please you, do they?"

"Yes, but I shall not purchase here," said Miss Lettie coolly.

And as Mr. Glenn flushed with vexation, she walked out, followed by Dr. Richings, who was a little curious to see what she would do.

What she did do was to enter Crossley's store, and when he dropped in, a moment later, she was purchasing a piece of black cashmere, and did not appear to notice the tempting stand of parasols displayed close beside her.

Dr. Richings stepped up and spoke to her this time, and presently managed to call her attention to the parasols.

"These are beauties aren't they?" said he.

"Yes," answered Lettie, and the doctor detected a little sigh in her tone, and noticed that she did not look at them.

"I saw you looking at some pretty ones at Glenn's a little while ago," he said; "are you going to purchase a new one?"

"I was," said Lettie, with a smile, "but I've changed my notion now.

"Some fringe, for trimming please," she added to the man who was putting up her order.

While the fringe was being selected, Dr. Richings said—

"Would you like to take a short ride this afternoon, Miss Lettie?"

"Very much," said Lettie.

"Then, if you will soon be finished here, my carriage is in front of Glenn's, and I will drive it down in a moment."

"I shall be ready in three minutes," said Lettie.

The doctor left her, and when he returned for her, a moment or two later, she was writing a name upon the parcel wrapped up for her, and the doctor's quick eye caught the name, "Ida Martin."

"The kind little soul!" he thought; but he said nothing.

"Send these goods to the address I have written," she said, after she had paid her bill.

"Now, doctor, I am ready.

They had a nice little ride, and were at home in time for supper.

Dr. Richings declined her invitation to come in, but asked if he might send her, that evening, a slight token of his respect.

Lettie consented, wondering what it would be, but not having the least idea.

But in the evening there came to her a long, narrow box, and opening it she found an exquisite lace parasol, with ruby lining and coral handle, and within the box a note in Dr. Richings' hand, which said—

"I was near you this morning, and I know whose kind, tender, heart sent Miss Martin her dress, giving up her own wishes to do the kind act. I don't feel afraid to trust my future happiness in the keeping of the dear girl who could do that. If you will accept, dear Lettie, not only the pretty toy, but the heart and hand of the giver, send me the one word 'Come' by the bearer of this, and in half-an-hour I will be with you, and for ever after your own

"R. RICHINGS."

Do we need to say Lettie sent the magic word?

And do we need to add that when the fancy fair day came, it was a happy girl who leaned upon Dr. Richings' arm, with the pretty lace parasol in her hands, and looked at Ida Martin, so neat and trim in the new dress which had won a true heart.

THE MISTLETOE KISS.—That Christmas gambol known as "Kissing under the Mistletoe," for, in accordance with an old notion formerly prevalent, the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year. This custom has said to have originated thus: Baldor, the [illegible] was, nevertheless, restored to life, but henceforth the mistletoe was placed under the care of Friga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil till it [illegible] the earth, the empire of Loki. On these grounds it is always considered [illegible] and [illegible], who never pass a sprig of [illegible] without a kiss of peace and love, to the full assurance that the plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

FIRES have been very destructive this year. In the eight months of the year now passed the losses have been $81,000,000, being [illegible] greater than [illegible] year's record of [illegible], and [illegible] greater than the average for the same period of the years 1878 to 1881 inclusive.

The Picture.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

HE certainly was handsome—of fine figure, with a pure complexion, and dark thoughtful brown eyes full of refinement and intelligence, and close-cut, loosely-curling brown hair, that showed the intellectual shape of his head.

Handsome, undoubtedly, Lesley could see that for herself; and Isabel Lorne had told her that he was very rich, very much admired, the great catch of the season; and—every one pitied him.

It was incomprehensible to Lesley, how, being handsome, wealthy, popular, it was possible for Vere Lindsay to be an object of pity; and, looking half-wonderingly, half-shyly at him, as he walked down the dining-room, bowing here and there, she wondered the more.

Herself, Leslie May, was one of the gayest little spirits that ever lived, and her blue eyes were for ever dancing with mischief; her sweet fair face always alight with the pure happiness that comes from perfect health, a clear conscience, and a cheerful temperament, while her laugh—well, it was like all the enchanting sounds you choose to compare it to—a gurgling mountain stream, the chime of silver bells, concentrated, idealized music.

She was pretty, too, in a dainty girlish way, with her shining white teeth behind the ripest, rarest mouth, and a perfect wilderness of yellow-gold hair brushed off her fair wide forehead, and braided down her back, with the ends all a-curl for a quarter of a yard.

Poor as a church mouse, too, and a music-teacher, busy from eight in the morning until six at night, patient, sunny-tempered, grateful that she was succeeding so grandly paying all her expenses, dressing nicely, affording a few little luxuries occasionally, and laying by some few dollars every year.

The Lornes were old-time friends, and Lesley had a room with Isabel [illegible] boarding-house, where the ladies [illegible] their noses at the pretty little obscure [illegible] teacher, and the gentlemen put themselves quite out of the way for a smile, and a gay careless little nod from the beautiful golden head, as classic as that of a Grecian goddess.

But Lesley never cared a whit more for the masculine admiration than the feminine snubs, and went on in her quiet way, never spending her evenings in the drawing-room and feeling perfectly content to sit and read, or sew, or chat, in Mrs. Lorne's private sitting-room, upstairs—the coziest room in the big house, where a canary bird sang, and a sewing-machine, and a piano, and a cottage organ, and plenty of pictures and easy chairs.

And Mr. Vere Lindsay was to be pitied.

Lesley could not somehow recondile herself to that; and after she had been a month at Mrs. Lorne's, she was so inquisitive on the subject, that she spoke of it to Isabel.

"I cannot understand why Mr. Lindsay is to be pitied, Isa.

"He has everything a reasonable creature should want.

"What do you mean?"

"Just exactly what I said, my dear.

"Mr. Lindsay is all you say, and there are scores of young ladies continually angling for him.

"But haven't you noticed how quiet, and dull, and unhappy he always is?"

Lesley's blue eyes looked thoughtful.

"Yes, I know he is very quiet and reserved; but——"

"Well, that is just it.

"He is of a melancholy—almost moody—disposition, and I know he is just as unhappy as he can be.

"Now, I know why people pity him.

A little flash of indignation was in Lesley's blue eyes.

"The idea!"

"Pitying a man who permits himself such unmanly indulgences as moods!

"Indeed, I shall waste no sympathy on him.

"The trouble [illegible] Mr. Lindsay [illegible] to be [illegible] frequently is [illegible] noticed.

"I [illegible] Isabel, with a [illegible]

And Mr. Vere Lindsay passing through the [illegible] the burst of girlish laughter [illegible] stopped.

"What a [illegible] and exhilaration that girl must [illegible] laugh like that. It is [illegible]

"I wonder if it isn't that little Miss May."

And Mr. Lindsay turned about, and deliberately knocked at the door of Mrs. Lorne's sitting-room.

"May I come in?"

"You've no idea how lonely it is for a fellow downstairs."

And Isabel gladly invited him in, and Lesley sang and played for him, and——

It was the beginning of a very pleasant time in Vere Lindsay's life, and he told Mrs. Lorne one day that a sight of Lesley May's face, when she laughed, and the rich music of the laugh, were enough to dissipate the gathered gloom of a life time.

And somehow Lesley came to understand that it had been given to her to dispel some of the shadows of Mr. Lindsay's life, and without knowing or asking, or even feeling a curiosity to know, she did him all the little womanly kindness that came in her way.

"I want to show [illegible] Isabel said to her [illegible] just between daylight and dark.

"Mr. Lindsay has gone away for a couple of days, and he asked me to see that his rooms were comfortable for an artist friend who will be here to-night to look over some portfolios."

"And I want you to go with me while I show you his rooms.

"They are just lovely."

They were just lovely, and although Lesley hesitated about going in, she was enthusiastic over their furnishing and arrangement.

"It doesn't seem quite the thing for me to be here," she said, half laughingly, half depreciatingly; "although I cannot give any sensible reason why."

Isabel frowned in mock reproof.

"Nonsense!

"I want you to see this, Lesley.

"Mr. Lindsay painted it himself, and showed it to mother and me one day.

"He said it expressed his life as words never could do."

Lesley went up to the easel, and with grave thoughtful face looked at the picture thereon—the expression of Vere Lindsay's life.

And her girl's heart throbbed with sudden pity for him, as she saw the dull chilling landscape, the sere, sunless, late autumn day, the leafless branches of the trees swaying in an east wind, a solitary bird away up against the dun sky, a little desolate house but on the edge of a sullen stream, and in one window a light gleaming brightly—the one bit of color in the picture—while outside was the figure of a traveler, his cloak wrapped about him, looking at the glow as he passed by.

It was labelled "For Ever Outside," and Isabel's voice quivered a little unwontedly as she looked at it and spoke—

"Don't you pity him now a little, Lesley?

"He said to mother that he was so miserable, so unhappy, always outside of that which seemed to make other people's happiness."

Lesley's lips quivered.

"Oh Isabel, I am so sorry I ever thought him moody.

"There is gloom and wretchedness in every feature of that heart-expression of his—if it is not translated from my standpoint.

"The cloudy windy day; outside the shadow; outside the traveler; but inside, Isabel, at home, I translate that light to be a welcome, a smile, loving arms, loving kisses.

"And he need not stay outside, you know.

Lesley had been looking at Isabel.

She had not seen the sudden flush come over her face, the look of surprise, the swift silent signal made to her, or Lesley had not observed her silent departure.

But the next moment she did know that Vere Lindsay was beside her, with his handsome face, eager and passionate.

"Little Lesley, say that again—that I need not stay outside.

"My little love, my little angel, bid me come into the sunlight, the glory of your love.

"I have always been 'outside' all my life.

"It has made me dull, morose, melancholy.

"I never had a home; my mother I cannot remember.

"Take me—take me to your love, my darling.

"I want you—I want you so.

"I love you, dear, and you will?

"Look at me, Sunny-eyes, so that I can see my answer in them."

And she slowly lifted her [illegible] sweet eyes, that held his heaven for Vere Lindsay.

In Park Row there is one especial house, luxurious and elegant from French roof to basement, and in it Lesley Lindsay's hearty laugh is often heard.

The sweetest music, her adoring husband says, in all the world.

Happiness and cheerlessness and loneliness never exercised now and then happy, sweet-tempered, hopeful. [illegible] who did it; and in the splendid drawing room, conspicuous by its position, hangs a little picture, "For Ever Outside," and although very few know its story, yet almost any day you may see Vere Lindsay stand before it, with a look in his face that is hushed, solemn, yet rapturously luminous; for he knows and Lesley knows.

PATENT WOOD PAVEMENTS.—Logs have come to be an important article of manufacture, the intension of the industry and the increased adoption of the material as a substitute for ordinary wall paper, being largely due to the new and wonderful processes of [illegible] The mechanism employed for [illegible] cuts the logs to a uniform [illegible] twelve feet which are then [illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible] a roll [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

AT THE SEASIDE.

BY ARION.

OF course nobody was glad that Elsie Martin had been ill, but there was great joy at the Grange when she was ordered to go to the seaside as soon as she was strong enough for the journey, and Charlie was told that he was to accompany her.

Their papa and mamma were unable to leave home just then, so the two children were to go to Mrs. Hawkins, a faithful old Irishwoman, who had nursed them both as babies, and who, having married comfortably, and been left a widow, resided in a pretty cottage close to the seashore at Highbeach, and occasionally let a couple of rooms as a lodging.

These were taken for the two children, and as they were respectively ten and eight years of age, it was considered that they were old enough and wise enough to take care of themselves under the supervision of Nurse Norah, of whom they were very fond.

Charlie and Elsie loved their parents dearly, but there was something in the novelty and independence of the present proceeding that was quite delightful to them and made up for the temporary separation; and I do not suppose there were two happier small personages in the world than this boy and girl were when, after a pleasant journey, they found themselves sitting opposite to each other in their own little drawing-room, at their own tea-table covered by a spotless white cloth, spread with bread, brown and white, excellent butter, newly-laid eggs, and a lovely dish of prawns.

"Some day, Nurse Norah," said Elsie, as the kind nurse placed the tea-pot on the table, and told them to begin, "some day you must let us have a lobster."

"Shure wid all the pleasure in life, miss dear; an' it's the height of indigestion, it is, but wanst in a way shall not matter."

"And I'll tell you what, Elsie," said Charlie, with dignity, "I'll catch the lobsters for you."

The next morning Charlie and Elsie never left the shore—digging in the sands, playing on the rocks, taking off shoes and stockings to paddle in the pools, and at last bringing home such a collection of seaweeds, shells, sea-anemones, and pebbles, that Nurse Norah laughed aloud when the two happy, dirty little figures made their appearance for the early dinner.

Charlie had [illegible] and insisted on getting a costume like theirs; for his own knickerbockers, he said rightly, would do well enough, but he must have a blue knitted jersey and a long peaked cap, also knitted, and also blue.

They had a boy boat with them, and after dinner they went back to the shore and amused themselves by sailing it in one of the pools, and when tired of this, Elsie sat down on a stone on the sands, and found fresh recreation in examining a green cork basket that stood there.

"And it is the queerest basket I ever saw, Charlie," she said.

"Do come and look.

"You could neither put anything in nor take anything out of it."

Charlie looked down, boat in hand.

"It is not a basket at all," he said; "it is a rat trap, only I never saw one made of wicker before, and it is uncommonly large; and why has it got a rope at the top?"

"But look here, do you see these sticks at the top?

"Through these a rat——"

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed a voice behind him, and turning sharply round, he beheld a boy smaller than himself, but who looked quite as old.

"He was dressed just like him, for he was the very boy whose jersey and cap he had admired so much in the morning that he had resolved to have similar garments himself.

"It's queer rats they catches in these traps master," said he; and he knelt down and peeped through the bars.

"And what sort of rats is it, my man?" questioned Charlie, with his air of importance.

"Rats with claws.

"Haw, haw, haw!" said the boy.

"Black rats; and when biled they turns red.

"There are no sea rats," began Charlie; but then he suddenly recollected what Nurse Norah had said the night before, and slapping his thigh, he cried out, "You mean lobsters!"

The boy grinned and nodded his head.

"They takes 'em and lets 'em down," said he, touching the basket, "and leaves 'em there.

"And then they goes in the mornin' and draws 'em up again; but sometimes they find ne'er a lobster; and if you won't poach I'll tell you why."

"I never poach," Charlie said loftily.

"Coz," said the boy very softly, and dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "I ups and takes feyther's boat, and out I goes in the middle of the night, and pulls up the baskets, and saves 'em the trouble of taking the lobsters.

"Haw, haw, haw."

"You go out by yourself in the middle of the night?" cried Charlie; and when the boy nodded his assent he looked at him with admiration.

"Take me with you," he said suddenly. But the boy did not seem to see that.

"He looked at him doubtfully.

"What would your feyther say?" he asked, with a comical wink of his left eye.

"Oh," said Charlie airily, "he lets me boat often enough; and he is not at Highbeach, so I can't ask him.

"Here," he added, taking a bright twenty-five cent piece out of his pocket, "I'll give you this if you will."

"Oh! and me too," cried Elsie, fumbling in her pocket, and producing money also. "I've got twenty-five cents as well as Charlie.

"Take me too.

In fact, their mother had given them each the same amount of money when they left home.

The fisher-boy looked very knowingly at the two glittering pieces of silver, and put his tongue into his cheek again, giving again a comical wink.

"Well, I don't mind if I do," he said slowly.

Charlie stamped about the shore in his pleasure, and Elsie clapped her hands and laughed.

"You be down on that rock," said the boy, pointing to the place—"that's feyther's boat there, d'ye see?—at twelve sharp."

"Twelve!" cried Elsie, charmed and appalled at the proportions the adventure was assuming.

"Is it twelve at night? and have we far to go?

"No, we haven't; just round that point there, and then a little bit more, and there you are.

"Those rats never go far out to sea."

"And he laughed and winked again.

As the children ran home to tea, Elsie said, while dwelling on the delights of what was before them, "But I think he is rather a vulgar boy, don't you, Charlie.

He winks and grins."

Charlie turned amused eyes on her.

"I think he is an uncommonly fine fellow.

But I am not sure that you ought to go, Elsie.

I think it is not girls' work," he said presently.

"Oh, yes, Charlie! oh, please!" she cried in a great hurry; "oh, do let me!

"There'll be you to take care of me."

"Yes, I shall take care of you," replied he, with protecting grandeur, as he yielded.

The two children could hardly hide from Nurse Norah the state of excitement and expectation they were in.

They got away from her as quickly as they could, and would not stay a minute in the house till bed-time came.

Then they found her with her face tied up, a toothache from which she had been suffering all day having come on very badly.

"An' do you think, darlin', you could undress yourself this wan eve'ning?" she asked. "an' I'd go to my bed."

Elsie assured her she could undress herself, and had often done so at home when nurse was busy with the baby.

Now, though Elsie would not have practised any deception on Nurse Norah, she thought it was very fortunate that she did not undress her that night, because the best plan was that she should not take off her clothes at all so as to be all ready at twelve o'clock.

As they ran home she had wondered whether Nurse Norah would let her go, but Charlie had replied, "Bother Nurse Norah!

"Say nothing about it, or you'll spoil the sport."

And Elsie had blindly obey him.

He slipped into her room now, and highly approving of her plan of lying down in clothes, bade her go to sleep, and he would awake her in plenty of time.

Charlie set the little alarm clock that he had brought with him, and which had awoke him on many a dark winter morning in time to learn his tasks before breakfast, to a minute to twelve.

He was far enough away from Nurse Norah for him not to be afraid of its waking her; and then he too lay down in his clothes.

"Get up, little lazy thing!" were the words that woke Elsie when she did not think she had slept for five minutes.

She sprang to her feet, for she knew the voice; and the boy and girl, hand in hand, groped their way in the dark out of the room, downstairs, and to the house door. There was no moon, but the stars shone, and the soft calm light was lovely. Something in it made Elsie stop suddenly, and say—

"Oh, Charlie! is it naughty?"

"Go back if you are afraid," he answered her gruffly, for he too, repressed by the pure beauty of the night, as it fell his first qualms of conscience.

But Elsie [illegible] of going back now, so on and on, hand in hand as fast as they could.

They reached the trysting-place, and there was the fisher-boy waiting on them, sitting in his boat, that moved lazily up and down, gently rocked by the sea, which itself seemed almost asleep.

"Well," grinned the boy; "I never did! I thought you'd cry off."

"Shove off, my man!" cried Charlie, in a tone of command; and "my man," with a low laugh of approval, "shoved off" as he was bidden.

The boat went rapidly out to sea, in order to round the point; and Elsie, pleased and excited, nestled close to her brother.

They soon found themselves near a few yards of the rocks that formed a picturesque barrier between sea and shore.

Then the boat stopped, and the fisher-boy looked about him.

"Now then, lend a hand!" he cried; and he flung the end of the rope he caught from the water to Charlie as he spoke.

"Haul up, my heartie!"

Charlie rose, delighted, to his feet, and dragged the lobster-pot to the surface.

"Hullo, you young thief! have I caught you at last?

"Let that fall this moment, or I'll shoot you!

The words sounded like thunder from the nearest ledge of rocks, on which a young gentleman stood.

"It's Major Monteith himself!" cried the fisher-boy, and he dashed his oars into the water.

At the same moment the gun was fired, and Elsie, with a loud scream, sprang up and flung herself on Charlie, thinking, poor little girl, to defend him from the danger, and save his life, even at the expense of her own, but, alas! bringing a far worse danger upon them all; for Major Monteith, the owner of the lobster-pots, had only fired his gun in the air to frighten the midnight marauders, while her rash movement upset the boat, and the next instant its occupants were all in the water.

I do not think Elsie ever forgot the horror of that moment, when she first felt Charlie's form stagger under her as the boat tipped over.

The fisher-boy could swim, but not so the others.

He saw their danger, and he flung them an oar.

"Catch hold!" he cried, and swam towards them.

Meanwhile, Major Monteith took off his shoes, tucked up his trowsers, and, jumping off the rock into the sea, waded in their direction.

Charlie and Elsie were, in no very long space of time, safely landed on the rocks.

He was none the worse for his ducking, but the little girl lay insensible.

"Why, what are you two rascals doing with this young lady?" cried Major Monteith, astonished; Charlie, dressed like his companion, might at first sight pass for a fisher-boy, though his accent and manner left no question of his rank, when he answered humbly

"She is my sister, sir.

"I was very wicked to bring her out."

"And you were stealing my lobsters, were you?"

"No," he cried passionately, "I never thought of that.

"I did it just for fun."

"Pretty fun it will be if you've killed your sister," said Major Monteith, who, while he talked, had lifted Elsie's lifeless form in his arms, and was moving towards shore, carried by, followed by Charlie in an agony of sorrow and repentance, while the fisher-boy slunk off to recover his boat.

Major Monteith was taking Elsie straight to the doctor's house, but she opened her eyes.

"Oh, don't shoot Charlie! don't shoot Charlie!" she cried; and Major Monteith, who had little girls of his own, kissed her small wet face, and assured her that no one was going to do so.

Then, guided by that repentant boy, he carried Elsie to the cottage; and poor Nurse Norah, toothache and all, had to get up in a fright and take off her wet clothes, and cover her up in a warm bed.

Elsie was ill in bed next day, and Charlie had to write to his mother and tell her all about what he had done and the consequences, and he was a thoroughly miserable boy while he did so; but as before the post went out his little sister was much better, and had eaten an excellent dinner, he was able to add this in a postscript, which he hoped would console his mother, though he was well aware that the fact did not lessen his guilt.

As soon as possible after receiving his letter Mrs. Martyn arrived at the cottage, and it was great joy to her to be greeted by little Elsie at the door, who flung herself into her arms, and, with many sobs and kisses, entreated her not to be angry, but to forgive poor Charlie, who had been nearly quite shot and drowned, and had broken his heart about her, and repented so much that she was certain God had forgiven him.

"And I asked God to forgive me too, mamma, dear," whispered little Elsie, her soft cheek pressed to her mother.

In due time Charlie was forgiven; and you may be glad to know that the shock to Nurse Norah's nerves had been so great that, though she lived long, she never had toothache again.

STRANGE FESTIVALS.

IN the good old days, before Japan was invaded by the 'hairy barbarians,' as the Japanese politely call us Western folk, public feasts and holidays occurred with a frequency that must be quite depressing for the modern Japanese youth to look back upon.

As a rule, the holidays were by way of having a religious character, and were originally connected with one or other of the religions of the country; but this never prevented the people from thoroughly enjoying their festivals, or from indulging in any amusement that they had a mind to.

Now, however, it is said the Japanese no longer takes that keen interest in his play which formerly was his great characteristic, but appears to have become infected with our solemnity and grave habits.

However, not many years ago, there were certain days set apart in the calendar as public holidays, very much like our own 'Bank holidays,' and, like them, were essentially popular festivals, on which all the Japanese world turned out to enjoy itself. These five holidays are of Chinese origin, but were borrowed by the Japanese about the eighth century.

Odd numbers are always chosen for the dates of these festivals—the fifth of the fifth month, seventh of the seventh month, and so on—for these are considered the most unlucky days, and the Japanese think that by the fun and merriment that goes on the gods will be diverted from inflicting any evils upon the people.

Chief and first comes the Festival of the New Year.

With the Japanese this is considered a much more important occasion than with us.

On the first day of the first month every Japanese should have paid all his debts; and, having done so, he gives his mind to making the calls upon his friends enjoined by ancient custom, for the purpose of carrying good wishes for the New Year.

Everything on these occasions is conducted in the polite and ceremonious manner so dear to the hearts of Orientals.

The visitor invariably brings a present of some kind, however simple or trifling; perhaps two or three fans enclosed in a lacquered box, tied round with thick silk cord.

This is always accompanied by a paper bag containing a piece of the dried flesh of a shell-fish (called by us Venus' ear), probably a relic of the ancient simplicity of Japanese fare.

Lobster flesh is also given at this time, as a remedy for various diseases.

It is kept until the following year, and ground into a powder and used as occasion arises.

On this, and all other festivals, the streets are thronged with vendors and exhibitors of all kinds of toys, cakes, peep-shows, acrobats, and story tellers, and every inducement is held out to the passer-by to part with his pence in one way or another. Within doors they have plenty of amusements.

The father will perhaps tell his boys of the deeds of some sturdy ancestor or hero of past times, or, if the children have to amuse themselves, their numerous games of cards are quite sufficient to keep them employed for a considerable time.

On the third day of the third month is held a festival exclusively devoted to young girls.

Whenever a little girl is born a pair of dolls are bought for her, and she plays with them until she grows up.

They are not, however, entirely discarded in favor of newer ones, but are kept for the Feast of Dolls.

When the young lady grows up, and is married, she carries her dolls with her to her new house, to form a stock for her own children; so, in some of the older families, where the dolls have accumulated during many generations, the show on 'Dolls' Day' is a very grand affair.

On this day all the dolls that the family can muster are brought out, dressed in their richest robes, and arranged in the chief room of the house, which is decorated by the mother with branches of peach in bloom.

This gives it a very gay appearance, and combined with the brilliant dresses of the dolls, makes a very pretty picture.

Moreover, Japanese dolls are not afflicted with that never-varying expression, or rather want of expression, which is the rule in their American brothers and sisters. A Japanese young lady, on her feast-day, will often have figures of the Mikado and his courtiers to exhibit with proper pride to her playmates, each having the particular expression of face which is proper to its dignity. Besides the dolls themselves there may be furniture and implements of the toilet for their benefit. These are made on a pigmy scale, each object, or set of objects, being in a pretty lacquered box, and the whole fitting into a larger one, making it a very portable concern. The young ladies to whom the dolls belong are by no means idle on this day. If old enough, they prepare with their own hands a banquet for the dolls, which stands all day spread out before them; and when the invited guests have arrived, these sit down and gaily proceed to eat the good things provided for the dolls.

The boys get their share of festivity on the fifth day of the fifth month, the Feast of Banners, which is more of an outdoor festival than the last. In preparation for the day the shops are filled with miniature swords, banners, and armor, as well as figures of well-known heroes. Every boy of moderately wealthy parents has a set of these toys. Outside each house where there are sons in the family is erected a tall bamboo, with some kind of pennon floating at the top—a paper fish, a bunch of streamers, or perhaps a picture of some giant demon, or warrior.

In the cities these naturally give a very animated appearance to the streets, which is further enhanced by the crowds of youths constantly passing, dressed in their ceremonial robes, and with two sabres stuck through their girdles, in imitation of their two-sworded fathers. Formerly, the boys used to divide themselves into rival parties, and fight regular pitched battles.

"Got our Money's Worth."

This is the opinion of a gentleman in Isleboro, O., after a trial of Compound Oxygen in the case of his wife: "Her appetite is much better—can sleep much better—no frightful dreams such as she had before using the Oxygen—is much stronger—does all her work in the house and comfortable out-doors—moves about the house as nimble as a girl of fifteen years. In short, she is better all over, and I think we have got our money's worth. I shall always speak of [illegible] to neighbors. Accept our thanks [illegible] my wife enjoys." Our treatise on Compound Oxygen, its [illegible], and results, with reports of cases, and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A TIME OF PEACE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Golden leaves and a golden day:
(Lights are warm when the year is old:)
Rushes whisper and branches sway,
Gossamer shines and drifts away,
And the empty fort is still and grey;
(The river flows like a tide of gold.)

Long ago from that dim hill-crest
(The year was young and lights were pale:)
Brake the thunder that scared the rest
Out of the rich vale's languid breast,
Till day died faint to the clouded west;
(But only the river tells the tale.)

Golden rays are about your face,
(Mellow lights are the old year's crown:)
Come to the old war-haunted place;
Come where your spell of peace and grace
To the heart where strife has scarr'd its trace:
(The river sings as the sun goes down.)

Golden ways are before our feet;
(While the year wanes the rich light glows.)
Life is stored with the garnered wheat,
All the bitter has turned to sweet,
After the battle the rest is meet;
(The song goes on as the river flows.)

ODDITIES OF INTERMENTS.

THERE is a good deal of interesting matter concerning interments. The learned physician, Aml Boue, who died not long ago at Vienna, declared in his will his desire that his funeral should be of the simplest kind, that none of his academical colleagues should follow his coffin to the cemetary lest they should take cold, and that his friend, Dr. Forstner, should open his thorax "in order that I may positively be spared a terrible reawakening to life in the tomb," a request which contains a queer compliment to the medical skill of his fellows.

There was a queer debate in the French Chamber recently over the Civil Interment bill, by which it was sought to place non-religious burials on the same footing as those celebrated with religious rights.

Mgr. Freppel insisted that materialists could not possibly render honor to "the mixtnre of physico-chemical elements which is all that remains of the body after death."

M. Clovis Hugues retorted very neatly that materialists had a better right to honor the remains of the dead than those who regarded the corpse as the worn-out garb of a departed spirit.

The controversy was brought to a close by the Minister of Worship, who judiciously remarked that when a man died he always left something behind to which funeral honors could be paid, and that in the case of materialists those last sad tributes of respect were paid to a life consecrated to duty and honor.

The French Chamber of Deputies, it may be remembered, voted, despite keen opposition by the Right, the repeal of the Burial law of the year XII., which decreed that in parishes inhabited by men of different creeds each sect should have its own burial-place or its own section of the general cemetary.

A presbyter fit to defend a duly consecrated grave-yard against intrusion was the Rev. Joseph Hall, of Shirland, who refused to certify to the burial of a dissenter. The friends of the deceased sued out a writ of mandamus, and Mr. Hall made a return that the certificate had been issued. So it had, but he had got another clergyman to prepare it. He was ordered peremptorily to obey the writ, and he—died, having carried his point.

The Rev. C. N. Gray, of Helmsley, refused to allow the widow of a Wesleyan minister to be laid beside her husband in consecrated ground, and even forbade the mourners to enter by the principal gate lest they should pass over holy ground.

At the Leeds Work-House, not long ago, after the clergyman had duly read the service over the supposed body of a pauper, the remains were found lying in the dead-house.

In Leeds this is called a burial scandal. In Germany the undertakers do not exhibit their wares, but build coffins as they are needed.

A few years ago an enterprising undertaker in Basel, Switzerland, started business in the American style and put a couple of small coffins in his window. Crowds gathered to stare at the unwonted sight, and before the end of the week the police gave notice to the shop-keeper that the unseemly exhibition must cease.

Some scandal has been caused in London by an undertaker who sent out "private and confidential" circulars to all the doctors of his district offering them a commission on any "cases" they might put into his hands, the commission ranging from 5 per cent. on a £5 funeral to 20 per cent. on a £20 interment.

The late Congressman Hendrick B. Wright directed that his body should be kept till decomposition had set in, that there should be no display at the funeral nor any special sermon and no silver plate on the coffin. He preferred that his children should not go into mourning.

Mr. Ralph Bernal Osborne left careful written instructions concerning his funeral. The expense was not to exceed £50; there were to be no hearse, mourning coaches, mutes, hat-bands or hatchments, nor was any mourning or crape to be distributed to any one.

The Princess of Beauvan in her will desired to be buried without trappings, tapers or funeral pomp of any kind; the money thus saved from the ordinary cost of the interment of a woman of her position was to be distributed in alms.

Mme. de Norville, who died about the same time, desired that no one might be invited to attend her funeral. "I know my Parisians," she wrote; "they would talk of the latest play behind the hearse."

Grains of Gold.

A man is only as old as he feels.

Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret.

Men make laws—women make manners.

He that grasps at too much, holds nothing fast.

The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.

Egotism springs sometimes from self-admiration.

Love can gather hope from a marvelously little thing.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from impatience.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Innocence and mysteriousness never dwell long together.

To succeed, it is necessary to have the air of succeeding.

The man who tries to belittle others must belittle himself.

How youth makes its wishes hopes, and hopes certainties!

God created the coquette as soon as he had made the fool.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or sorrows.

Use no violence, nor do in haste that which cannot be undone.

Be graceful if you can; but if you can't be graceful, be true.

Hypocrisy becomes a necessity for those who live scandalously.

A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities—not his vices.

The man who is always right, finds everyone else always wrong.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow.

Some men in marriage seek company rather than a companion.

An indiscreet man is like an unsealed letter—every one can read it.

That which is bitter to be endured may be sweet to be remembered.

Who is lavish with promises is apt to be penurious in performances.

Don't believe half you hear, but make sure that you believe all you say.

There are no oaths that make so many perjurers as the vows of love.

Imputations, however unjust, sully, if they do not stain, a character.

The cheapest advice is that which costs nothing, and is worth nothing.

A Christian should show his religion over a counter as well as at an altar.

Love makes all sorrows but its own, and damps each joy he does not yield.

All men are liberal, some to those who are in need, and others to themselves.

An apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

With patience, sour grapes become sweetmeats, and mulberry leaves turn to satin.

What we charitably forgive will be recompensed as well as what we charitably give.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

To educate the mind and let manners and heart run wild, curses humanity with mildew.

Many a man has no genuine faith who never in his life either denied or doubted the gospel.

Cut the most agreeable acquaintance you possess when he convinces you that he lacks principle.

There are lying looks as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, deceiving signs, and even a lying silence.

Exaggerated language, noisy protestations, violent censure, all betray an element of weakness somewhere.

There is no singular to the word alms, to show that a single act of money-giving does not merit the name of charity.

Femininities.

Misery loves company, and so does a pretty girl, if it is of the right kind.

It's not fair to blame boys for stealing apples. It's hereditary in the whole human race.

Smithers says he gets all the personal news from his wife's aunts, and styles them auntecants.

Among the premiums offered at a fair in Texas are a pair of smoothing-irons to the ugliest woman present.

A man gave his wife $5 for a health appliance. She bought a plume for her hat. He thinks the "feather cure" ought to be advertised.

"Ignorance" writes to ask if buttress is the feminine of butler; but our experience with sheep goes to show the butlers are all masculine.

The man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours may be tolerably quick-footed; but he isn't a touch to the woman who keeps up with the fashions.

The dangerous feat of sliding down the Mt. Washington railroad on a board has been performed by a young woman who made the three miles in 13 minutes.

She had just landed, and was at once engaged in a Camden family. She opened a watermelon the other day for the first time in her life. Two minutes afterwards she was seen dusting the inside with roach poison.

"Take her," said the fond father, putting his daughter's hand in that of a bashful youth beside him, "take her and try to be happy. I shall miss her when she's gone, but I can't cry over it; she's too tremendously like her mother."

A savage Illinois woman says that for every young wife that cannot cook there is a young husband who will not make fires, carry ashes, split kindling-wood, or shovel snow, and cannot even market, because he doesn't know a chicken from a hawk.

Man has no rights that his spouse feels absolutely and undeniably bound to respect. Therefore he must never be too agreeable to a married lady when he is another person's husband. There is danger of discovery and an unexpected and unpleasant explosion.

If you have a fight with a fellow about a girl, make it a point to get walloped and badly hurt. Girls are sympathetic creatures, and she's bound to pity you, and think the other fellow nothing less than a horrid brute.

A Boston paper mentions a Quincy blonde who entertains four beaux at once when she is riding in her hammock. The man who marries a woman who can talk like that will soon be wishing that she had fallen from her hammock with a dull thud.

He thought he had married a spiritualistic young creature with esthetic tastes. The first Sunday she ate three platefuls of dinner and three rounds of brown bread. He says it was the most enthusiastic esthetic taste he ever met with since he saw the lions in the circus fed.

A girl born in Buchanan, Va., recently, has living on her mother's side, grandfather, great-grandfather, great-great-grandfather, and three grandmothers; and on her father's side, grandfather and grandmother. If that child doesn't find out what being "spoiled" is by the time she can walk, it will be a wonder.

Two women went beyond their depth while bathing at Herne Bay, England. A man swam out to them, and they clung wildly to him, though he begged them not to do it, declaring that all would drown unless they left his arms free. A boatman came to the rescue, and the women were saved, but the hero lost his life.

Mr. Hoffman and Miss Barr were married in the Gothic Chapel, which is a chamber in the Mammoth Cave. It satisfied everybody concerned except the bride, who was compelled to wear an unbecoming flannel suit, because the drippings of the cave would have ruined the handsome bridal dress that had been made for her.

Down at Long Branch last summer a beautiful girl fell in love with a hotel clerk and married him. We are glad of it. Heaven be praised, no man is utterly friendless. At last there has been found somebody who loves a hotel clerk. But then, poor girl, maybe that was the only way she could be sure of getting a room this side of the roof.

At a juvenile party a young gentleman, about seven years old, kept himself from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him, "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of the pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic; "no wife for me; do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

A pedlar was offering a clock, finely varnished and colored, with a looking-glass in the front, to a certain lady not remarkable for her personal beauty. "Why, it is beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! A look at it almost frightens me," said the lady. "Then, ma'am," replied Jonathan, "I guess you had better take one that ain't got no looking-glass."

Lawn tennis not being found sufficiently exciting for the French ladies, they are learning fencing. At Deauville there is a fencing-room, where numerous ladies, wearing the prettiest and most coquettish costumes, already display a certain proficiency with the foils. An assault of amateurs is to take place at Dieppe. The "bonnet" will be a fencing match between two ladies.

For the girls: If a young man truly loves you, he will always be somewhat embarrassed when with you. If a young man is not interested in you at first sight, the chances are five to one against you. If a fellow continues to glance at you, he is interested in you; if he hastily averts his gaze when you catch his eye, the chances are that he is a gentleman; but if, instead, he smiles at you, set him down as a flirt.

When Mr. Billony went home and saw a handsome bouquet reposing on one of the parlor chairs, he mentally observed that it was a shame to let such beautiful flowers lie there to wither; so he took them up tenderly, procured a basin of water, and placed them carefully therein—and the same instant his wife gave a piercing shriek, and fainted dead away. But it was too late. Mrs. Billony's new bonnet was utterly ruined.

News Notes.

The salary of the Governor of Rhode Island is $500.

Sumter county, Ga., is excited over its first colored jury.

Eighty-eight Swiss convents contain 546 male, and 2,020 female inmates.

Canon Farrar says the Salvation Army is composed of rowdy Christians.

The Episcopalians of New York are about to build a Cathedral to cost $3,000,000.

One of the head waiters at Saratoga received $800 in "tips" the past season.

The Rev. Wm. R. Brooks, of Hampstead, L. I., is accused of having three wives.

An order to the Russian army forbids any officer to wear eyeglasses while in uniform.

Extremes would seem to meet in the firm of Green & Wise, auctioneers, Alexandria, Va.

The Tecumseh, Ala., iron furnace lately blew out, after continuing in blast for over seven years.

The fisheries of Massachusetts employ over twenty-five thousand men and a capital of $14,000,000.

Texas farmers propose to sell 50,000,000 bushels of corn this year, whereas last year they bought.

There are Paris dogs which wear on their collars a medallion bearing the photograph of the fair owner.

The baptism of several converts is announced as one of the attractions of a Kentucky Sunday-school picnic.

When the Rev. Mr. Green, of Raleigh, N. C., immersed 171 converts in 70 minutes, people said it was quick work.

A church at Lowell, Mass., is ornamented with pictures of "The Good Man in Heaven," and "The Bad Man in Hell."

The Prince of Wales has ridiculed the pointed shoes from the beginning, and will not wear them, and hence it is said they are going out of fashion.

A pretty girl of 18, neat in dress and polite in manner, is a bootblack in Galveston, Texas. She has a chair at a street corner, and makes $3 to $4 a day.

There is a farmer in Ohio who has not sheared his sheep for five years, because, as he claims, Providence intended the sheep to wear their wool.

Buffaloes in Dakota scratch their ponderous foreheads against the telegraph poles so vigorously that much damage and inconvenience are caused to telegraph operators.

A woman of Lincoln, Ill., left $200 cash by will "to the widow in Lincoln who shall first secure a husband." One widow secured a husband and that cash in 40 minutes.

Sir Wm. Thompson, the British scientist, who has looked into the matter, says that neither the new moon, the full moon, nor the half moon, has any effect upon the weather.

A human beanstalk has been brought to light in Paris. At the age of 16, when six feet three inches high, he took a start at growing, and in fifteen months gained 19 inches.

The Victoria Cross is a special decoration for personal valor under fire in the British army, and though it has occasionally been worn by a lord, has never yet fallen to a prince of the blood.

Each of Garibaldi's children is to get two thousand dollars a year for life from the Italian Government. Yet their late father was condemned by the grandfather of the present King to be put to death.

An English "Public Analyst" says that all cheeses should be washed before using, as a custom prevails among manufacturers of brushing them over with a solution of arsenic to keep the flies away.

There is, after all, something in a name. "Hangtown," Washington Territory, is shunned by immigrants, deserted by settlers, and generally despised—all because six Indian horse thieves were once hanged there.

Mr. Gladstone wears ready-made clothing, and, when crossing a street, acts on the principle that the hypothenuse of a triangle is less than the two sides. In place of using the cross-walk, he cuts off the corners, or crosses diagonally on the cobbles.

An Alpine guide, with a pack on his back, leaned against a rail that ran along the edge of a precipice, and was warning a party of tourists of the necessity of keeping a sure footing, when the barrier broke, and he was killed by the fall.

Thirty-three Chicago bootblacks went to St. Paul, counting on nickels from the crowds during a fair. The Chief of Police ordered them to quit the city. But they were not to be bulldozed. They hired a lawyer to fight for their right to work wherever they pleased.

The census of the world according to its religions has been figured out by some Scotch statisticians. Its results are: Protestants, 120,000,000; Oriental Christians, 80,000,000; Roman Catholics, 200,000,000; Jews, 10,000,000; Mohammedans, 175,000,000; Pagans, 80,000,000.

The Vicar of Heighington, England, has raised money for a chime of bells by an exhibition game of chess. The board was marked out on the turf, and the pieces were human. The costumes were of the fifteenth century, the pawns being pretty girls dressed as pages, and it is said to have been no wonder that the spectators willingly paid a dollar admission fee.

A London burglar carried a razor in his pocket whenever he went out at night to commit a robbery, not to defend himself with, but for suicide in case he was caught. His "pals" knew of this habit, but did not believe that he would ever use the razor. They were mistaken. Being captured after breaking into a house, he promptly killed himself according to promise.

QUEER DISHES.

THE earthworm is not used as a staple article of food in any part of the world but merely as a resource among certain tribes of Indians in time of famine; and is no more to be classed, as an ordinary article of diet with them, than leather or canvas soaked in grease is with us; although both these, as well a other curious things, have often been had recourse to by castaway sailors in the attempt to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

The annelid I refer to is a marine species, and is looked upon as a great luxury by all the natives of the South Sea Islands.

It lives in the coral reefs, and from the middle of October to the end of November, comes to the surface at sunrise in immense numbers; and great is the commotion and excitement among the people on the first appearance of the little stranger.

Its arrival is always heralded by feasts; and during the Balolo or worm-month, all the natives wax fat and lusty on this their favorite article of food.

The worm is curiously punctual in its appearance, almost to a day; and the months in which it appears are respectively called the little and big Balolo months.

From early dawn on the expected day, scouts are placed on the hills and rocks commanding a view to the reefs; and no sooner does the long-expected shoal appear, than all the wooden drums in the neighboring villages are sounded, and the entire population, big and little, young and old, sound and lame, rush to the beach; and while the able-bodied ones help to launch the canoes, the remainder set to work to dig and heat the ovens, or to discuss the chances of a good or bad worm season.

Fleets of canoes swarming with people, all armed with nets, at once put off, and scoop up the worms in huge quantities; they are then taken ashore and handed over to the cooks, who, after adding a certain quantity of cocoanut milk, specially prepared for the purpose, tie them up in young banana leaves, which have been previously passed over the fire to toughen them; and then bake them in an oven, when they are ready for consumption, and are often sent round as presents to friends, just as game is among ourselves.

The annelid in question is of considerable length, greenish in color, and has its long narrow body divided into enormous segments, reminding one somewhat of the tape-worm.

When alive, it is of anything but a prepossessing appearance; but after being cooked, it more resembles spinach or fine seaweed in flavor than anything else.

Newcomers generally look upon the worm with horror.

When I first went to the South Seas, I for a long while indulged in it under the impression that it was a vegetable of some kind; and when at last I heard of the worms and made up my mind to taste them, I was much surprised, on being informed by an old 'beachcomber'—greatly to his amusement—that I had been eating them all through the season.

After worms, naturally come grubs, which are eaten in many parts of the world; and I remember once in New Zealand, when on a solitary expedition in the Bush, and finding myself short of food, making a very satisfactory meal out of some dozens of large white grubs that I found in an old tree stump.

I had often previously seen them eaten by the Maoris, and knew their haunts, and by this means managed to satisfy my hunger to a wonderful extent.

These grubs were a couple of inches or so in length, and when broiled on the ashes were pleasant and well-tasted enough, more like marrow than anything else.

But for all that, I was very glad on the second day to knock over an old weka—a kind of large rail—and so return to more orthodox fare.

Porpoise and whale are also edible. I have tried both, and found porpoise liver excellent, and not to be distinguished from that of a pig.

Of the flesh however, I cannot speak so highly, as it requires both good cooking and a long abstinence from fresh meat to make it at all palatable.

Our ancestors, however, were of a different opinion, as in olden times it was highly esteemed, and we generally find the 'porpus' figuring as a distinguished dish in most of the great banquets of the middle ages.

But if the flesh of the porpoise is coarse and indifferent, that of his big cousin the whale is still more so; and the only time I tasted it, I found the meat exceedingly coarse and tough, as well as permeated with a nauseous taste and smell of train-oil. The tongue however, is said to be much better; but it never came under my observation. Whale's milk is by no means to be despised.

Shark, the full-grown fish, is detestable—tough, and of a terribly rank smell. It is rarely eaten by white men except under pressure of extreme necessity; but the natives of the South Seas view it in a different light, and look upon the monster as a special luxury. Moreover a new Zealand Maori knows no greater treat than a shark that has been kept until high enough to be unapproachable within twenty yards by any one but a native. But with a young shark of the brown variety the case is different, and I well remember, during a five months' residence at Opara, having many a good meal of fried cutlets cut from young sharks about four feet long; and at last we came to look upon it as the best fish there. In taste and appearance, it reminded one more of sturgeon than anything else.

B. SAVARIN.

New Publications.

Messrs. G. W. Harlan & Co., of New York, include in their fall publications an exquisite colored book for children, entitled "Elfin Land." The verses are by Josephine Pollard, the designs by Walter Satterlee. Mary D. Brine is again represented by a volume of child poems, entitled "Christmas Rhymes and New Year's Chimes." This book is profusely illustrated with fine wood-cuts from designs by Jessie Curtis Shepherd, Jessie McDermott, Miss C. A. Northam, and D. Clinton Peters. Large editions of both these books have been ordered for England. They will also issue fresh editions of "My Boy and I" (the most widely discussed of all last year's holiday books,) and "Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York." Their recently inaugurated "Knatterskill Series" of novels is a great success. A treat is in store for the literary public in the second volume of this series, entitled "The Modern Hagar." It will soon be ready.

Mr. Edward Greey, who was a member of the famous expedition which in 1854 caused the "Land of the Rising Sun" to be opened to eastern civilization, and who was long a resident in Japan, is the author of "The Wonderful City of Tokio," a new book for boys, which Lee & Shepard will publish this fall. One of the most interesting features of the book are the descriptions of the various trades practiced in Japan. Everything that a boy wishes to know about this strange land is told in the volume, of which most of the illustrations were prepared by a Japanese artist. The book is a companion volume of "Young Americans in Japan," published last year.

MAGAZINES.

The October *Wide Awake* opens with a drawing by Miss McDermott, designed as a frontispiece for a fanciful story by Susan Hale, entitled The Hope Works. Many other excellent short stories make this number a very entertaining one: A Nap in a Cannon, a tale of the Charlestown Navy Yard, by Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels; Captain Scampadoro, by W. H. W. Campbell; The Stimpsetts' Sunrise Party, a first-rate circus story, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz; and Ralph's Cub, by John Preston True. Mr. Talbot's comedy, No Questions Asked, which has been so keenly enjoyed by both young and old, is brought to a capital close, as are also Miss Harris' beautiful Wild Flower Papers, with their series of fine drawings by Miss Humphrey. There is a romantic chapter of The Trojan War, the serial by A Boy, and a very exciting one of Lost Among Savages. As usual, there are many pleasant poems in this number. Prof. Sargent, of Harvard College, begins a series of Health and Strength papers for the boys; Samuel Wells, a series Through a Microscope; A Boy's Workshop, and there is also a delightful chapter of Anna Maria's Housekeeping, by The Next Neighbor, and the first of an important series, Famous Trials, by Benj. Vaughan Abbott, each of which is to make our young citizens familiar with some important principle in law. $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

We have just received from the publisher copies of the new Bi-Centennial music "William Penn March" "Two Hundred Years Have Rolled Away," both composed by Prof. J. R. Sweeny. Both pieces are good as well as timely. John P. Dougherty Publisher 22 West Third Street, Chester, Penna. Price 40 cents each. For sale by all music dealers.

The Sanitarian for October is a particularly rich number. "Plumbing Fixtures," "Panama Canal Sanitation," "New York Tenement Houses," and "Horseback Exercise and Malaria," are among the prominent articles. The leading editorials are on the "American Public Health Association, and the "National Board of Health," and should be read by all sanitarians. The plan in progress for stamping our "Yellow Fever in Bronsville," by a cordon confining people to the locality, is severely condemned. After January 1st The Sanitarian will be published weekly. A. N. Bell New York.

The *Popular Science Monthly*, for October, contains the following valuable articles: Massage, its Mode of Application and Effects, Literature and Science, What are Clouds, The Past and Present of the Cuttle Fishes, Illustrated: Mozley on Evolution, Explosions and Explosives, The Utility of Drunkenness, Delusions of Doubt, The Progress of American Mineralogy, Industrial Education in the Public Schools, Physiognomic Curiosities, The Formation of Saline Mineral Waters, A Partnership of Animal and Plant Life, Sketch of Professor Rudolf Virchow, (with portrait,) Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

St. Nicholas for October contains, The Famine Among the Gnomes, Illustrated: Ballahville, A Realized Hope, Illustrated: A Pious and His Pots, three Illustrations: A Sudden Shower, picture: Learning to Ride, six Illustrations: A Story of a Very Naughty Girl, The Captain of the Orient Base-Ball Nine, The Queen's Repartee, poem: Little Guido's Complaint, poem: An Old Cross-patch, picture: The Sisters Three and the Kilmaree, six Illustrations: The Riddle, poem, two Illustrations: A Surprise Party: play: The Way to Bakertown, Jingle: Donald and Dorothy, Illustrated: What Can be Made with a Handkerchief, thirty-two Illustrations. For Very Little Folk. The Poor Dolly, four Illustrations: Jack-in-the-Pulpit, Illustrated: The Letter-box Illustrated: Agassiz Association and The Riddle-box, Illustrated. Century Co., New York.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 29, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. W. C.

Clinton, Ia., August 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. C.

Stratford, August 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W. H. H.

Missentown, D. C., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K. L. O'N.

Oquawka, Ill., August 23, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. E. C.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," in good order, and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. K. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich, August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaints**, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in the world that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves.

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL,

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

GUNS

Lowest prices ever known on Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.

OUR $15 SHOT-GUN

at greatly reduced prices. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83.

P. POWELL & SON, 228 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. 24th St., Phila., Pa.

50 LARGE all new Chromo Cards for 1883 with name 10c. Try me. J. H. HUSTED, Nassau, N.Y.

A WESTERN MAUD MULLER.

Miss Muller, so the gossips say,
Flirted in quite a shameless way:

But Maud, with a laugh, pronounced it fudge—
Yet we caught her wink at the ratty Judge.

And the Judge—but we mention this sub rose—
Blushed up to the roots of his bulbous nose.

Still, he craned his neck, and, in passing by,
Gave a sinister wink with his dexter eye.

Quoth Maud to herself, as on she passed,
"I've his royal nibs in low at last:

"My mother shall wear a sealskin sacque—
My pa swing out in his broadcloth black:

"My brother shall sip his whisky-skins,
And my sister revel in gay breastpins!"

Quoth the Judge, as he sauntered listless on:
"She's a rattling gy-irl; you bet I'm gone!

"No doubt my last wife's ma will kick,
And my heirs cut up the very Nick;

"But tho' I've known her a short, short spell,
You bet I'll have her in spite of"— Well,

No matter his word—'twas short and stout,
And the name of a place that's now played out,

According to Beecher. Alack for all!
The maid and the Judge ne'er wedded at all;

For he passed in his checks from too much gin,
And the maid grew long, and lank, and thin,

And she, as her chances glimmered away,
She ceased to flirt, and began to pray.

God pity the maid, and pity the Judge,
And these days of twaddle, and bosh, and fudge:

For of all sad words from a heart bereft,
The saddest are these. "You bet I'm left!"

—EUGENE FIELD.

Facetiæ.

The marked difference between a rogue and an honest man is that the former wears the best clothes.

In nothing has science made such improvement as in medicines, now to this whole civilized world is proclaimed the joyful news that Celery and Chamomile Pills will cure sick and nervous headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and paralysis.

Cabman: "Want a cab, sir?" Smart youth, glancing at horse: "No; I'm in something of a hurry."

DON'T DIE in the house. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats, mice, weasels, &c.

Latin is called a dead language, and that is why doctors use it for writing out their prescriptions.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

The Speaker of the House is generally known as the chair, so called because he is sat down on so often.

NERVOUS DEBILITY and weakness, "Wolf's Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

Why is twice eleven like twice ten? Because twice eleven are twenty-two, and twice ten are twenty, too.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Warner Brothers
CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

will be paid for any Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. Price by mail, W. B. (coutil), $2.50; Abdominal, $2; Health or Nursing, $1.50; Coraline or Flexible Hip $1.25; Misses', $1.00.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

BRANSON KNITTER

PRICE, $25.00.

For Manufacturing or Family use, is now known throughout America and Europe as the simplest and best Knitting Machine ever made. Makes seamless hose, double heel and toe. Runs either by hand or power. Capacity, from 6 to 8 dozen pairs socks per day. A child can use them. For circulars address JAMES L. BRANSON, 505 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Visiting Cards 50 Chromos, Latest Designs, no two alike 10c. 13 pks. $1, or 25 large chromos 10c. Elegant premiums given. Illustrated list with each order. Album of samples 25cts. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Conn.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $125. **Pianos**, $297.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

50 New style Chromo Cards, beautiful designs, name on, in Case 10c. E. H. Pardee, Fair Haven, Ct.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

A LADY SAID

"Those Horrid Pimples? No, I Cannot Go. Please Present My Excuses."

Probably two-thirds of the ladies in society and homes of our land are afflicted with skin diseases of various kinds, to do away with which, if it could be done without injury, would be the happiest event of their lives. Then she would have instead of a disfigured and marred countenance, one that would be handsome, or at least good-looking, for any one with a clear, pure skin, no matter what the cut of her features are, has a certain amount of good looks which attract everybody. As it is now, she imagines every one sees and talks about "those freckles," "those horrid pimples," and other blemishes with which she is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance, great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drugs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases, death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum,) Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough Scaly Eruptions of any kind, Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or Tender Itchings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as "Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure." It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best toilet dressing in the world. It is elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment. Our readers should be sure to get this and not some old remedy resuscitated on the success of Dr. Benson's and now advertised as the "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one,—it bears the Doctor's picture and is for sale by all druggists. $1 per package.

A Sensation
HAS OFTEN BEEN MADE

by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

They really do cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Paralysis and Melancholy.

Price, 50 cents per box, two for $1, six for $2.50 by mail, postage free.—Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists.

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

ORGANS

5 Five Octaves, one 2-3 Sets Reeds, *Eight Stops*, including *Sub-Bass*, *Octave Coupler*, Stool, Book and Music, in Solid Black Walnut Case

Fancy High Top, as above.

ONLY $30.

THIS ORGAN IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.

The Famous Beethoven Organ.

27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $90.

Soon to advance to $125. Order now. Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order, or Registered Letter. Boxed and shipped without a Moment's Delay. Catalogue Free. Address or call upon

DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

$6.25 for 39 cts.

Any one sending me 39 cents and the addresses of 10 acquaintances will receive by return mail goods (not recipes) that nets $6.25. This is an honest offer to introduce staple goods. If you want a fortune, act now. J. D. HENRY, P. O. Box 127, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand.

Catalogue of works, with Phonographic alphabet and Illustrations, for beginners, sent on application. Address BEN PITMAN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Illustrated Catalogue, Photograph and Picture, 10c. AUTOMATIC CABINET-Play any Tune
MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS ORGANS $5
Magic Lanterns and Slides WANTED. Musical Instrument Catalogue, FREE.
HARRACH ORGANINA CO., 809 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE KEYSTONE WASHER.

OVER 300,000 IN ACTUAL USE
And all giving perfect satisfaction.
AGENTS WANTED.

Will wash Cleaner, Easier, and with Less Injury to Clothes than any other in the World. We challenge any manufacturer to produce a better Washer. Every Machine Warranted FIVE Years, and Satisfaction Guaranteed. The only Washer that can be clamped to any steel tub like a Wringer. Made of malleable iron, galvanized, and will outlast any two wooden machines. Agents wanted. Exclusive Territory. Our agents all over the country are making from $75 to $300 per month. Retail price, $7. Sample to agents, $5. Also our celebrated

KEYSTONE WRINGERS AT LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Circulars Free. Refer to editor of this paper. Address F. F. ADAMS & CO., Erie, Pa.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c.

Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,
Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please say where you saw this advertisement.

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WANTED!

Canvassing Agents can make more money selling the NEW and BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED edition of

Uncle Tom's Cabin

This edition has just been issued, and contains 508 pages, and 106 spirited illustrations.

Sold only by Subscription

WE Do not sell this edition to Booksellers.
Will outsell every other book.
For terms, address

WM. D. ALLEN & CO.,
121 South Seventh St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to make money rapidly selling our NEW BOOK: **NEW YORK** by **SUNLIGHT —AND— GASLIGHT**

Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to Agents, &c. Prospectus now ready and territory in great demand. Address
DOUGLASS BROS., 53 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with **HEEL** and **TOE complete**, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 153 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.
Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also 8½x12½ Oleograph 12 for 25cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW. A woman's book about women. *Sells at sight.* Agents Wanted. Send for circulars and terms to FIRESIDE PUBLISHING CO., P. O. Box 82. 20 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l'rs free **CASH $4 TO $50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

VIOLIN OUTFITS

From $1.75 to $25.

☞SPECIAL BARGAIN.
PAGANINI VIOLIN.

Celebrated for fine tone, finish, Italian strings, fine pegs, inlaid pearl tail-piece, fine bass bow, with ivory and silvered frog, in violin box. Book of Instruction, with 350 pieces music, by express for $3.50. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. A better outfit cannot be purchased elsewhere for $10. Send stamp for large Catalogue. O. H. W. BATES & CO., Importers and Manufacturers, 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. *Illustrated Catalogue free!* J. Dietz, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

FULL SET OF ELEGANT IMITATION CORAL JEWELRY SENT FREE!

The above illustrations represent, upon a small scale and imperfectly, a *complete* set of **Fine Imitation Coral Jewelry**, as follows: *One Handsome Ladies' Pin*, new design; *One Pair Ladies' Ear Drops*, to match; *One Pair Sleeve Buttons*, new style, very pretty; *One Beautiful Cross*, for attaching to watches, and *One Very Handsome Necklace*. All these goods are of the finest Imitation Coral, which is so largely worn throughout the country, all are new designs and very handsome. There is nothing about them to tarnish or wear out, and they are perfect imitations of real genuine coral. In order to obtain for our well-known, old-established and popular Literary, Agricultural and Family paper, THE RURAL HOME JOURNAL, 200,000 new trial subscribers, we make the following *extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only* **Twenty-Five Cents** *in postage stamps we will send* **The Rural Home Journal** *for* **Three Months**, *and to every subscriber we will also send the entire collection of* **Fine Imitation Coral Jewelry** *above described. Free!* THE RURAL HOME JOURNAL is a splendid eight-page, 56-column Home-reading paper, devoted to charming stories, sketches and poems, the Farm, Garden and Household, Ladies' Fancy Work, Health Hints, reading for the young, wit and humor, news, exposures of frauds, etc. Is it one of the most interesting and valuable family papers published. You will be delighted with it, as well as with the splendid collection of jewelry. This great offer is made simply to introduce the paper into new homes. Take advantage of it now—at once. For $1.00 we will send five subscriptions to the paper and five complete sets of the jewelry; therefore, by getting four of your friends to send with you, you will secure your own paper and jewelry free. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. As to our reliability we refer to the publisher of any newspaper in New York, also to the Commercial Agencies. Address F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

LADIES ONLY LOOK! WE WANT 200,000 new readers for our paper immediately, and in order to obtain them and introduce it into every home in the Union where it is not a regular visitor, we are now making extraordinary offers. We will send the ILLUSTRATED BOSTON GAZETTE free for the next three months, to all who will send us 30 cents in postage stamps, to help pay postage and cost of this advertisement, and to each person we will send free the following: One Combination Family Needle Package, containing 120 best English Needles, put up in improved wrappers. Each package contains the following: 4 papers, 25 (in each) also, 2 steel bodkins, 2 long cotton darners, 2 short cotton darners, 2 extra fine cotton darners, 2 wool, 2 yarn, 1 worsted, 1 mohair, 2 carpet, and 3 button Needles, and 1 doz. beautifully fringed Napkins, new style. The GAZETTE is a Magnificent Family Story Paper, filled with bright and sparkling Stories, Sketches, Poems, Fashion Notes, Needlework, and Household matters, in fact, everything to amuse and delight the whole family circle. Write to-day. Address INGRAHAM & CO., Battery march St., Boston, Mass.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS,
Flesh-Worms and Oily Skin.

"MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN harmless, pleasant, and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectually removes all clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin clear, smooth and unblemished always, or money refunded. For those who have NO blotches on the face, it beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it *Clear, Fair and Transparent*, and clearing it of all muddiness and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure, and NOT to paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 50 cts., in stamps, or two for 90 cts., by GEO. N. STODDARD, 1235 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Pamphlet gives 236 true and genuine testimonials. ☞Exactly as represented, and the doctor reliable, has been in the drug business in Buffalo over 16 years. Say you saw this in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SLATE MANTELS
Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.
JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.
Office and Salesroom: 1210 Ridge Avenue.
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Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

CLEOPATRA'S SECRET.
Develops the Bust. Success guaranteed in every instance, or money refunded. Sealed particulars, 6c.
Wilcox Chemical Co. 603 Spruce St., Philada., Pa.

YOUNG MAN OR OLD!
If you want a luxuriant Mustache, Beard or Whiskers, a heavy growth of hair on bald heads, or to cleanse, strengthen and invigorate the hair anywhere, don't be humbugged by advertising quacks. Try the great Oriental Discovery. These simple ointments never fail. Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price, $1 a package. Sixteen years' practice in the treatment of these specialties. Send for circulars. Address Dr. J. DOUGLAS, Box 3332, Boston, Mass.

FOR YOU. How to Make Money Fast, and Plenty of It, send name and address on Postal Card and get it. C. J. ESTEE, 22 New Church Street, New York.

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

25 Gold Edge Cards, name on 10c. A present with each order. Jordan & Co., New Haven, Conn.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE coming fashions not being yet sufficiently advanced to be spoken of with certainty, we prefer to detail the reigning modes which have last appeared.

The only certainty in the coming modes is that fine cloth, tulle, and velvet (consequently velveteen) will be much worn, and that braiding is again to be the furore. Braiding, however, like other returned fashions, will differ from its predecessors in style and design, and although Russia braid must be largely used on tailor-cut costumes, it would be well to see the new hussar designs before giving out braiding orders.

Dressmakers must lately have been worked to death with the immense amount of business they have had to get through for the season.

The most beautiful dresses prepared for the autumn season are undoubtedly those made of ottoman velvet, this material is so soft, supple, and adapted for drapery. They will be the triumph of this autumn, and we venture to predict that all ladies who know the fabric will agree with us on this point.

Plain materials have this immense advantage, they do not become wearisome, and therefore do not become antiquated from disuse; they are also economical and distingue, two very important qualifications.

Far-seeing ladies, with an eye to the future and mentally considering doubtful days, will be wise enough to furnish themselves without delay with one of these lovely autumn dresses of ottoman velvet.

The shade avanturine, an old tint of golden brown beloved by our grandmothers, is again very fashionable, and has the immense advantage of combining admirably with ecru materials and fleelle lace, by which means a dress for two purposes can be made.

Take the following model for instance; the corsage with coat-tails is of avanturine velvet, the richly-draped short tunic of the same material.

For dark days solemn presages of the coming winter, which will cast a shadow on the bright days that are almost more summer-like than summer itself, a pleated velvet skirt is worn, while for brighter days the skirt is ecru covered with surah bouillonnes and lace flounces, the velvet tunic either worn or replaced by small ecru panniers, or the skirt simply worn with the corsage.

A very pretty method of making these velvet skirts is to pleat them in large folds on a foundation, and secure the lower edge by a large ruche in box-pleats, surmounted by one or two velvet bias bands.

For the present, and sometime hence, dresses of silk brocatelle may be recommended for costumes; they have china colored patterns on silk grounds, and are very elegant and easy to wear well. Damasks are also much worn, with patterns of a darker shade, the patterns being no longer bouquets of flowers but sprinkled with regular flowers all over, and broche satins on faille backgrounds, both being very becoming.

The patterns strangely contrast with the summer fabrics, and the exaggerated poppies, animals' heads, etc., are forgiven in consideration of the taste of these later fabrics.

The Restauration costume, with its skirt half-plain and then trimmed with ruches and frilled flounces, and the habit jacket with long coat-tail lappets, will be chosen by elegantes, for there is a distinction about it that will prevent its adoption by those to whom show is indispensable. The simplicity of its style will keep it select.

A costume of this make is generally completed by a small mantle of the same material as the dress, which is fastened on the chest with a large bow of Spanish lace, and at the waist by a nickel or enamelled ornament.

To fix bonnet strings, many elegant pins are devised; notably, two arrows tied with a ribbon, a small umbrella in pearls with diamond handle, running hounds, owls' heads, and sets of five sparrows strung on a silver thread.

Besides these are eggs represented by pearls in a nest.

Black silk stockings, reserved for morning wear, are dotted with red or blue butterflies, with yellow antennæ. For evening white lace stockings are embroidered with gold and silver stars, or tiny silken florettes.

Dressy shoes have remarkably short toes, closely beaded; they are made in white or black satin, or in the material of the dress itself.

Stylish gloves come over the tight sleeves fastening by three buttons at the wrist, and thence extending upwards in a deep gauntlet.

Black, green, or pinkish grapes are in great vogue, both for ornamenting bonnets and ball dresses in bouillonne tulle. In this case green and red tendrils are interminglied with the bunches.

Short skirts are extremely narrow, especially when edged by the thick chicoree ruche now so popular, and which must not perfectly stiff, not to sway about between the ankles.

Sleeveless vests, opening from the waist on a waistcoat, are very fashionable, but they always require either a large collar in etamine and embroidery or a full lace jabot.

The hats and bonnets have been carefully selected for this season's wear. Some are small and close-fitting, others large. A black crinoline bonnet had light black in front, falling over a wreath of cream roses; a cream feather pouf at the left side, and cream crape strings.

A black velvet Marie Stuart bonnet had a large tuft of shaded purple feathers on one side, and velvet strings; other bonnets were of jet, with lace strings, and of pearl lace with white strings and sprays of lilac.

Millinery is never very systematic, but hat trimmings now follow no method whatever.

A large bow of ribbon or velvet is almost indispensable, but where that bow appears nobody cares; it may be at the very back, flush in front, on one side, or on the other, with its ends stretched across the crown and pinned down or passed through slits in the straw and tied in a bow over the hair.

Spotted muslins, crapes, and gauzes are all plentifully used either as trimmings or entire coverings. The most winning bonnets for garden parties consist of pale blue or pink sateen veiled by muslin, and made up after the Hubbard style, with roses on the side, and peeping from under the brim.

Floral bonnets are much worn, principaly fashioned with cow-slips, lilac, and pansies. But the bonnets known as "Bebe" certainly predominate; they resemble exactly those adopted for small children, and are made with several large lace ruchings, and their curtains ruched and gauged.

These capotes are made in surah, or in gauze-striped satin; they are trimmed either with Valenciennes lace and forget-me-nots or with ecru lace and poppies; their strings consist of narrow ribbon, put double so that they fall in loops when tied.

For evening wear, extra long, buttonless gloves, in Saxe or Swedish kid, are more popular than any others.

Fireside Chat.

PEN-AND-INK DRAWING.

LATELY there has been a decided revival in the appreciation of drawings in black and white, and the example of the Dudley Gallery, in having yearly a "Black and White Exhibition," has been followed in many other places.

There is certainly a great charm in the judicious treatment and working of monochrome. Old china-blue and sepia are the best colors to use when a brush is made use of, but where, I think, a monochrome drawing is particularly pretty, is when the pen and ink are used.

The style is especially well adapted for small figures. Stothard's children, carefully drawn and shaded with the crow-quill are very effective: and also grotesque figures which we may find in the initial letters of old manuscripts: when landscapes are preferred, the scenes best to choose are moonlight or winter views: the former because in nature there is not much color to be seen at that period, and therfore the want of it is not so much felt in the drawing; and the latter because the markings of the leafless boughs and twigs can be so admirably produced by the pen.

However, it is not so much my purpose now to decide what designs to choose, as to give hints as to what materials to make use of, and as to the mode of working.

For fine work there are no pens so good as cross-quills; you are able to buy them both hard and soft: the inks to be used should be marking-ink, India ink, or ordinary good black ink, according to what you mean to decorate.

Doyleys are not so often to be found at dessert as they used to be, but still, where people do choose to have them, nothing is so suitable for them as carefully executed pen-and-ink drawings on round pieces of jean.

Jean is an old-fashioned material, or at any rate it is an old-fashioned name, and if the draper looks puzzled when it is asked for, you had better say you wish to have a nice good white sateen or slightly glazed calico; it ought to be smooth and rather shiny on one side, and rough on the other. In choosing it, be sure that there are no dirty lines where it has been folded.

The size of the doyleys should be between that of a tea-cup saucer and a breakfast-cup saucer.

Cut the rounds very carefully. The drawing on them must be done in marking-ink so that they can be washed, and it is well to choose cheerful little designs that may encourage conversation at the dinner-table. Of course you can design your own original ones for yourself.

It does no harm to dilute the marking-ink somewhat, and it is desirable so to do where very light are required. The light lines will wash just as well as the dark ones if the doyleys are treated in the proper way when they are finished—i.e., held to the fire for a minute or two, or ironed on the wrong side.

The first sketch can be made in pencil, very lightly, so as to allow of correction.

A very good way of insuring a correct outline on the stuff itself, is to draw it first on paper, where you can rub out and make as many alterations as you please, and then to carefully go over the design with scriptograph ink, then in the ordinary way to take the design off on to the scriptograph, and afterwards place the doyley on it, and then gently drag it away; the doyley will suck up but very little of the ink, and the outline will just be clear enough for you to see it, and be able to work over it, and in that way all risk of having to rub out, and perhaps spoil the design, in the material itself, will be prevented. The doyleys can be finished off round their edges with narrow lace, but these details are hardly within the scope of this paper.

Drawing on wood in pen and ink is really delightful work; it requires, however, very great care both in the choice of the wood and in the manipulation of the pen.

The wood should be close and firm, with no conspicuous veins and knots; it is better white.

Drawings in black on grey wood are very pretty, but in that case Chinese white must be made use of with the brush for the lights, and thus it hinders the work from being bona fide pen-and-ink work. There are many articles made, ready prepared for hand-decoration—panels of wood for jardinieres, or fronts of pianos, boxes, card and cigar-cases, blotting-books, albums, paper-knives, napkin-rings, &c.

After having made yourself perfectly sure that the wood is clean and quite free from grease, you must proceed to spread over it a coating of clean size. You can get the size in thin flakes or slabs, which must be dissolved in water: do not make more than you will want during the day, as it is apt to become thick and to attract dust. It ought to be thin enough for the brush to work with it easily, and without any clogging: the brush should be flat, and it should be worked as quickly and as evenly as possible. Take care beforehand that there are no hairs in the brush liable to become loose.

Allow the size to become thoroughly dry and then draw your design. You may either use Indian ink or liquid lamp-black.

On no account must you rub out after the size has been put on; so if you draw the first sketch in pencil it must be done before you use the size.

When the drawing is completed, size it all over, and when that is dry, varnish it with clear pure varnish. Sometimes it is well to place two coats of varnish; in that case wait till the first coat is perfectly dry before you put on the other.

I may here remark that the soft crow-quills should only be used for shading or for outlines of large designs, never for outlines of small designs.

Pen-and-ink drawings on paper or cardboard are often framed and hung up on walls as pictures, and when the design is bold there is no objection to this, but when the drawing is very fine and highly finished, it is better that it should be mounted and put in a portfolio or on a drawing desk, whence it can be taken in the hand and closely examined.

Many people make the groundwork of their shadows with the brush and washes of ink first, and then finish them off with the pen; but the more legitimate way is to do all the work with the pen, though I confess this way takes a longer time than the other, and is more laborious.

Very fine Whatman drawing-paper is good for working on with pen and ink, but better still is a fine prepared cardboard with a smooth but not shiny surface.

In dark parts of your drawing, or where water is introduced, or the wet trunk of a tree, or the roof of a house is to be represented, a little gum mixed with the lamp-black or Indian ink is a great improvement; it can also be used in dark hair and in the pupils of eyes.

As much as possible leave your lights and do not scratch them out.

Scratching out is always a dangerous process. Unless you are extremely careful and experienced you will be apt to scratch out too much at a time, and in many cases it will be impossible to work over the surface thus rubbed up.

Pen-and-ink drawings on parchment look very well, though it is often rather troublesome, as the parchment is liable to be greasy.

There are many ways in which pen-and-ink drawing can be made of use: there is the decoration of photograph albums, Christmas cards, etc.

Very few materials are wanted, and if your eyes are strong you can work at night, as there is no color to deceive.

It will be noticed that I have particularly mentioned crow-quills, but when you want to draw a large, bold, effective design, a quill pen can be used, but you must make sure that it is one of the best quills and that it will not splutter.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity.

Correspondence.

HANNIS, (Titusville, Pa.)—Six thousand miles.

TEMP, (Carrollton, Md.)—You were correct. President Andrew Johnson was impeached, but not convicted.

HAROLD, (Syracuse, N. Y.)—Tecumseh, the Indian chief, was supposed to have been killed by Richard M. Johnson in battle, and Pontiac was murdered by one of his own warriors.

A. B., (Pueblo, Col.)—When the lips are habitually dry and "peel," there is something amiss with the general health, or some disturbance of the digestive system. Consult a medical practitioner.

FLOWERS, (Richland, O.)—Forget-me-not signifies true love; jasmine; amiability; China aster, single, I think of thee; China aster, double, I partake your sentiment; geranium, dark, melancholy.

FAMILY, (Camden, N. J.)—Encourage the children to sketch, and, later on, let them have drawing lessons. It is too soon yet. You might begin the music at once, but do it very gradually, and educate the ear rather than the eye.

READER, (Plattsmouth, Neb.)—1. In such a case the words "no cards" are added after the notice. Then, a few days after the return of the couple, invitations are issued for the "at home." 3. In the traveling dress. 4. Without the hat.

PUG PEAKY, (Bryn Mawr, Pa.)—If hints are thrown away on the young men, tell them in plain terms that neither you nor your friend desire their company, and request them not to annoy you in future. Unless they are boors, that will be sufficient; if it is not, next time they annoy you, claim the interference of a policeman.

CYMRO, (Lititz, Pa.)—If the matter is at an end, there is an end of it. It is extremely unlikely that anything remains to be done, or that there is any cause for disquietude. Do not allow a morbid and groundless apprehension to get the better of you. Live well and wisely, and give the mind full occupation of the healthiest and best sort.

MAUDA, (Alameda, Cal.)—The two years difference in age would be more advantageous if it was on your lover's side. It is not necessary that you should relinquish the correspondence on that account, but you will have longer to wait before he is in a position to marry. As you are so much attached to each other, the time will pass pleasantly enough.

J. H. C., (Mitchell, N. C.)—An engagement ring may be regarded as a seal to a solemn compact between a young couple. The compact or agreement must, therefore, first be made and sealed by the offer and acceptance of ring. The price varies as the position of the donor. You must, therefore, first consult your means, and then the window of the jeweler's premises.

J. S., (Wayne, O.)—The use of conscience is to help man to recognize the wrong he has done and avoid it in future. Live in the present, and let the dead past bury its dead deeds. Do nothing again which conscience can disapprove. It is a humiliating sacrifice of the right and privilege of self control to do anything "on the spur of the moment," which is regretted as soon as it is done.

NORIS R., (Jefferson, Ky.)—Secret marriages are generally mistakes. They lead to evil, and often the injury of self and others. Better practice the virtue of patience. That, in itself, will be a good preparation for the business and responsibility of life. On no account expose yourself to the peril of losing self-control. When self-control is once lost, self-respect is sacrificed, and with this moral calamity comes the beginning of humiliation and disgrace.

OCCIDENT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It does not matter what infidels say: they would say the same, or worse, if every mystery were cleared away, and every discrepancy removed. If a miracle to convert the world were done in Philadelphia, the French infidels would want it done over again in Paris to convert them. If Chicago were favored, New York would not rest content. Pray for faith, not a clearing away of difficulties. Faith overcometh the most mountainous difficulties.

BECK.—You do not say whether your husband is living, for we judge you are, or have been, married from your signature. If he is still alive, and you love the other so much, it is better that you remain away from anything that has a tendency to keep the feeling warm. Thus it would be wise never to see the son, and if you cannot help this, let the relations between you be less intimate. His calling you his "aunt" is in a measure sinful, because it is a lie, and, moreover, calculated to make you forget your duty as a wife. Meet both seldom as possible and have the boy address you by your name or not at all.

R. H. S., (Harrisburg, Pa.)—The discoverer of vaccination was accomplished in the year 1753. Previous to its discovery, small pox was almost universal. Neither time nor place restrained its ravages. In the British Islands alone it has been computed that forty thousand individuals perished annually of the disease. The introduction of vaccination for small pox was productive of great benefits to all who submitted to the operation. All who have not yet duly appreciated the benefits which vaccination has conferred on mankind will do well to meditate for awhile on this question. Let them remember that notwithstanding prejudices, carelessness and ignorance, millions now live who, but for vaccination, would be in their graves. 2. Dr. Jenner was born in Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, England, in 1749, and died by apoplexy in 1823.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—1. Your duties are to look after the comfort of the guests and see that all enjoy themselves, so far as it depends upon your efforts. A good rule is to think how you would like to be treated yourself, and try to do that way by them. 2. White is always appropriate, though if you expect to be actively engaged in looking out for refreshments and such things, it might be better to wear a darker color. Still your choice of a dress should not be influenced by what the guests may possibly wear, only if there is no possibility of their coming in as good clothes as yourself, it would be better not to wear your best. 3. There is no wrong in your absenting yourself for awhile if duty calls you elsewhere, supposing there is some one among the guests to represent the family. 4. You can send the note to the young man under the circumstances, without the slightest breaking of the proprieties. 5. Yes. Ask some person who has had some experience in such matters to take charge of the dancing. It is not absolutely necessary, but parties always go off better when attended to in this way. 6. The verse is grammatically composed. 7. Your writing is neat, and we should suppose, from its character, you are a good, pleasant-tempered girl.